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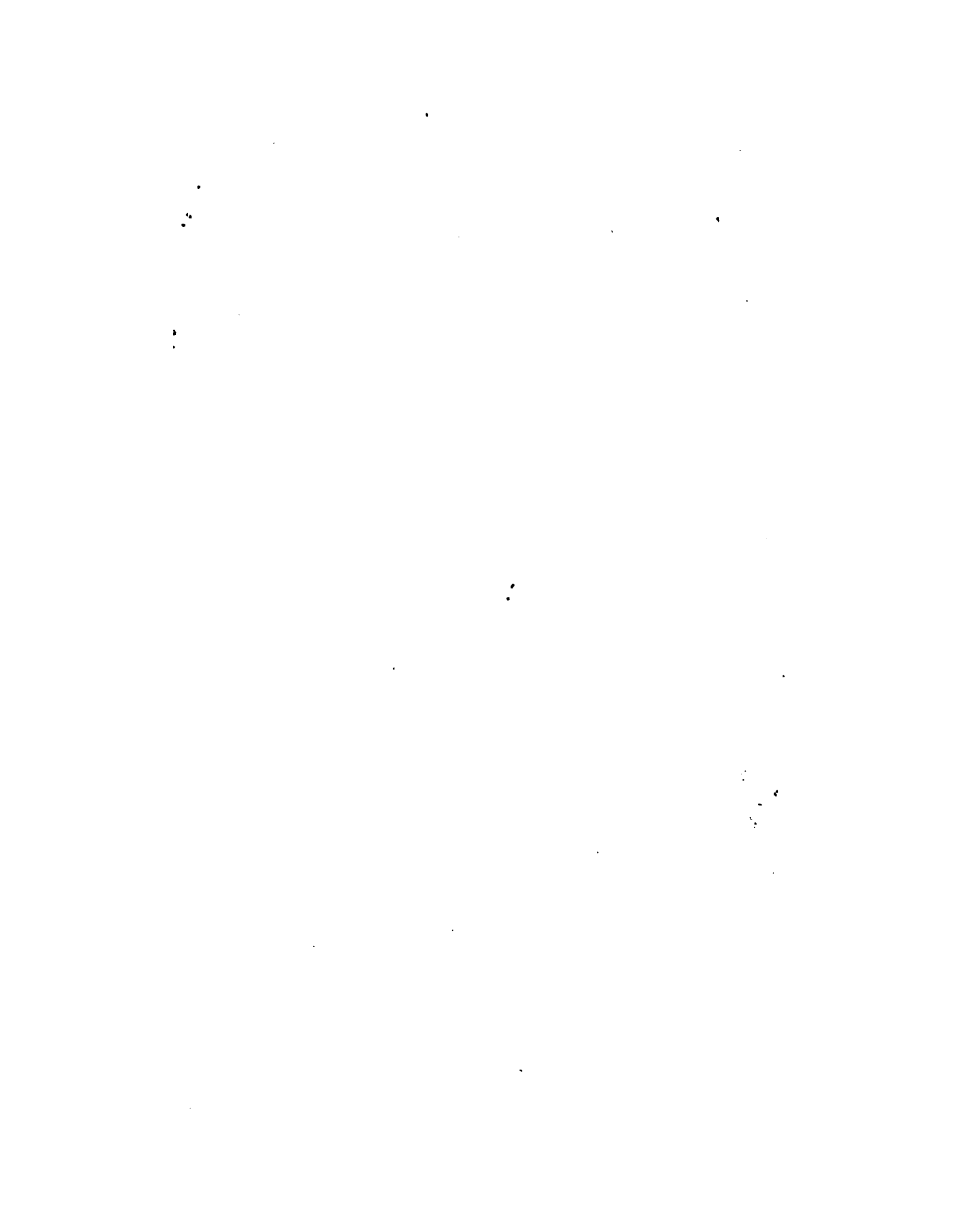


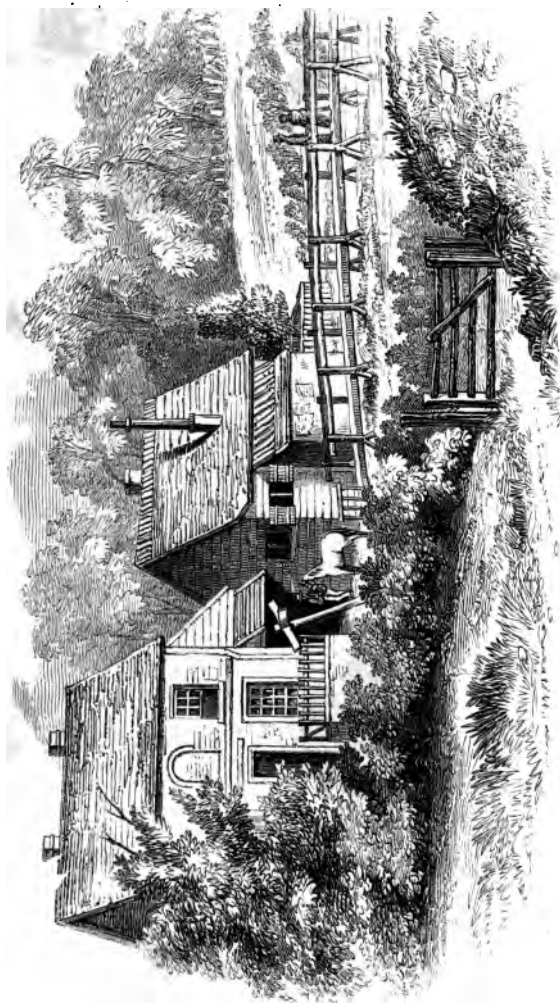
THE LIGHT OF THE FORGE.

"The child-like faith that asks not sight,
Waits not for wonder or for sign,
Believes, because it loves, aright,
Shall see things greater, things divine."

CHRISTIAN YEAR.

"Lay her in the sunshine, friends, nor sorrow that a Christian
hath departed."—TUPPER.





THE FORGE AND DWELLING OF E. M.

THE LIGHT OF THE FORGE;

OR,

COUNSELS DRAWN FROM THE SICK-BED

OF

E. M.

SECOND EDITION.

BY WILLIAM HARRISON, A.M.,

RECTOR OF BIRCH, ESSEX,
DOMESTIC CHAPLAIN TO H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF CAMBRIDGE.

LONDON:

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NOTICE TO THE READER.

THE following pages contain an account of the illness and conversion, together with sundry letters, of a young person who died in the spring of last year. She was the eldest daughter of the parish blacksmith.

Her history, moral and physical, all things considered, is one of the most singular passages of human life. Under this impression, the writer has thought it his duty to give the Christian world the benefit of its teaching.

The reader will not only find the grace and power of God herein magnified, but such an example of faith, love, and usefulness proposed to him, as will lead him to serious self-reflection. The work which was done, and the faith which was shown, would, under other circumstances, have made the subject of this memoir as conspicuous in the world as any of those whose honoured

names are familiar in the household of faith. But this was destined to be an instance of the privacy of religion, and of that grand truth, that its chiefest exercise should be for the eye of God, rather than for that of man.

The letters which have been preserved will show to what a height her spiritual apprehensions of God and of religion arose. So beautiful are many of their thoughts, so devout and glowing their language, that few would suspect that they came from the pencil of one who had but three hours in every two days for all the acts and communications of a state of consciousness, and that the writer of them had received nothing more than the rudimentary education of a dame's school. It is right therefore to state, that while their diction has been strictly preserved, their orthography has been frequently corrected. Here and there an expression has been made intelligible by a parenthetical addition. The same may be remarked on the father's account of his daughter's illness.

It will be obvious to the reader that such a life as this could not be enlivened by much incident; but a patient consideration of it will show him that it is rich in lessons of doctrine and *practice*. Not the least of its value, however,

will be found in its suggestions to those whom God has brought under the discipline of sickness. The writer cannot but hope that by showing sick persons what has been accomplished and displayed under a dispensation of unexampled difficulties, they will believe what may be done under the combined operation of God's grace and their own exertion. And in inviting their attention and that of the religious world in general to these pages, the writer can only pray that all who read them may have as clear perceptions of their Saviour, as great a love to God and man, as resolute a devotion to work, as incorruptible a hope, and as blessed an end, as the once afflicted but now largely recompensed E. M.

Birch Rectory,
February, 1853.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

AFTER a careful review of the matter of which the following pages is composed, I have come to the conclusion that it contains lessons which are too precious to be consigned to an oblivion which the mere composition might otherwise deserve. I can only repeat that the story is a true one, in both its physical and spiritual aspects. Of the latter, the letters themselves are the best evidence. May God bless the reading of E. M.'s history and correspondence to many a sick room.

Birch Rectory,
March 31, 1864.



See p. 161.

EMMA'S GRAVE.

THE
LIGHT OF THE FORGE.

INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

“Oh! though oft depress’d and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died.”

LONGFELLOW.

IN a foot-note appended to his first preface, the Church historian, Milner, introduces the following just remark: “A history of the perversions and abuses of religion is not properly a history of the Church.” In keeping with this thought, he proposes to write a history of those who have been real, not nominal Christians. But then, when considering the difficulty of ascertaining the accounts of such persons, he subsequently adds, “Genuine godliness is fond of secrecy. Her sincerest votaries have likewise been chiefly private

persons, such as have seldom moved in the public and noisy spheres of life."

The truth of these remarks must be acknowledged by all who have studied the character of true religion and the work of the Spirit of God in the world. And it seems, on this account, an important duty, that they who have the opportunity should note, from time to time, the histories of God's dealings with his people.

Nor should the fugitive character of such memorials be objected to their publication. Efforts of this kind are never wholly lost. Each generation is bound to bear its testimony to the existing energy of Divine truth, and of the Spirit from Whom it flows. To this end we do not require splendid biographies. It often happens, indeed, that the mind becomes dazzled and disheartened by records of the unusual and perfect, and turns gladly to a comparison of its own feelings and struggles with those of spirits of a lower range. This perhaps may be traced rather to the fault of the biographer, than to the merit of the subject, but so it is. Yet are there materials for study and calls for our admiration of the Divine grace, in the obscurest examples. For is not each *one a miracle*? Whatever the previous phase of

character and life may have been, is not that inward movement, which remodels, as it were, the whole structure of the man, a miraculous one? For if the awaking of the dead and the transforming of the spiritual being is supernatural, then surely each instance of a renewed heart must be ascribed to the might of Divine power alone.

But there is another light in which may be seen the importance of frequent and various narratives of the work of the Holy Spirit. Different examples illustrate different parts of God's truth, as well as different forms of His dealings. The ways in which the children of God are first led to seek Him are probably as various as their subsequent histories. It would, in fact, be an instructive record, could a collection be made of the several texts and passages of Scripture, which have been instrumental in the conversion of souls. For as many shall come from east and west, from north and south, to eat bread in the kingdom of God: so we may affirm that, from every conceivable point of dissension from Christ and His Gospel, human hearts have been brought to faith and obedience towards Him. From every phase of error and from every form of sin, from the *grasp of senseless superstition on the one side,*

and from the dark caverns of infidelity on the other, every age has sent forth its witnesses to the might of Divine Grace.

And what was the power which constrained them? It was the Word of God. It was this, which, even in the darkest times, when its light was well nigh extinguished, directed the path of the few and humble witnesses for Christ, and comforted their hearts in the days of trouble and persecution. The Gospel of Christ, retiring from the cities of the world, found a retreat in Alpine fastnesses and in lowly habitations,—sometimes in dens and corners, sometimes in a little community of despised brethren. Thus Christ never left Himself without witness until the day of the Reformation rose upon the benighted Christian world; and thus the power of grace was shown to be not of man but of God. How apt are the best of us at times to forget this! “You have been led by one of my Sermons to find peace,” said a zealous Clergyman to a poor woman, after a ride of several miles to visit her. “Ah no, Sir,” was the reply, “you are mistaken. *It was your text* that did it.” There is great room for belief that most of the instances of conversion to *God may be traced to a single text*. Certain it is

that while with the Word, and with it alone, as the instrument, millions have passed from death unto life,—without it, under some form or other, none can be *built up* in the spiritual fabric of that invisible reality, the Church. Gaussen in his admirable and timely work on the Plenary Inspiration of the Scriptures, writes thus upon this very subject:—“But there is yet a class of persons who, if it be possible, attest still more triumphantly the Plenary Inspiration of the Scriptures even in their least details. These are Christians who have felt their power, in the first place, in the conversion of their souls, and afterwards in the conflicts which have ensued. Go to the biography of those who were great in the kingdom of God, and see the moment when they passed from death unto life; and interrogate those around you, who in their turn have felt the power of the Word of God, and they will all render unanimous testimony. When the Holy Scripture laid hold upon their consciences, bowed them at the foot of the Cross, revealed to them the Love of God, that which first arrested them was not the whole Bible, nor a Chapter, but a Verse; it was, indeed, almost always one word of this verse. Yes, we say, one word was to them

as the slender point of the connecting-wire of some vast battery, or as the penetrating edges of a sharp sword wielded by the hand of God."

"They felt it lively and efficacious, searching the thoughts and affections of the heart, 'piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, of joints and marrow.' It was a power from God, concentrated in a single word, which made it become to them, 'like as a fire, saith the Lord, that breaketh the rock in pieces.' In the moment of their need they had read a psalm, or some words in the Prophets, or some sentences in the Epistles, or some narrative of sacred history; and as they read, lo! a voice sounded in the ear of their consciences with a hitherto unfelt, yet constraining and irresistible power. It was but a word, perhaps; but this word took possession of the soul; spoke there, preached there, and reverberated there, like the pealing of unnumbered bells, calling to fasting and to supplication, ere the coming of Jesus Christ! It was only a word; but that word was from God. It was but one apparently of the most insignificant of the strings of that heaven-descended harp; but it sounded in unison with the heart of man; it produced unexpected, thrilling harmony, which excited their

every emotion, and they felt that God himself had strung and tuned it."

Let us not overlook, or despise, then, the fugitive records of a generation in the history of the Church. They have their value. They subserve the glory of the Redeemer, by exhibiting His manifold grace; and they encourage or quicken some hearts, by the hints or comparisons which they suggest. Yet, let it not be thought that an indiscriminate biography is advocated by these remarks. There should be something worthy of note, something sharply defined, something calculated to arrest the mind and to elicit self-enquiry, in order to commend the portrait to the consideration of others; which, with all this, need not be above our reach. The reader of this little memoir will judge how far the selection of the example which it offers, will be justified by these remarks. And the writer ventures to trust that it will not be found without its use. The subject of this narrative was not a person of commanding character or position; but her history, physical as well as spiritual, was singular in its circumstances. Not that there was anything striking in her conversion, like the change from a life of impetuous sin; nor that her after-life was one of striking activity: for such

a thing was not possible. But as we form the truest estimate of a force by calculating the resistance which it overcomes, the point of the following memoir lies in what the sufferer learned and did in spite of obstacles. She whose memory is for a season reflected in these pages, was a timid, shrinking girl, who was seized, at the age of sixteen years, with an illness, which terminated her noiseless career at the age of twenty-four. In developing the nature of her unparalleled disorder, we shall be brought to see and admire the dealings of Him who is infinite in wisdom and love, as He is infinite in power. We shall see the efficacy of Divine grace sustained under the greatest disadvantages. We shall learn to justify the wisdom of God in His treatment of His own people. And we shall be taught the possibility of usefulness under any circumstances, if only we are willing to be useful. This memoir, therefore, comes from a parish minister, as an offering to the sick and the whole: to the sick, as an example for their consideration; to the whole, as a criterion of their lives.

E. M. was "The Light of the Forge," by whose side for seven years she lay: for her light was always burning, and by it others learned to

see and believe. The Forge remains ; but she is gone. And as the reflection of the sun's rays continues to illumine the evening sky for some time after the orb itself has disappeared, so may her light be prolonged, for this generation at least, and then it will not be in vain that these pages were written.

CHAPTER II.

“Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought ;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.”

LONGFELLOW.

As the traveller journeys from the venerable town of Colchester to that of its rival neighbour of Maldon, after passing over some five miles of ordinary-looking country, with pretty bits of woodland scattered here and there between, he comes to a spot where the road turns at a right-angle down a sharp pitch of a hill. The ground over which he has been passing is probably commemorated in the pages of Tacitus ; and the two towns just mentioned, claim respectively the honour of having borne the ancient title of Camulodunum, an honour, however, which most *antiquarians* seem disposed to assign to Colchester.

On reaching the foot of this hill, and ere he begins to ascend another, he must pass through a stream of water which runs merrily over a bed of shingle and gravel across the road. This stream is dignified with the high-sounding title of "Roman River." It takes its rise some few miles further up the country, and flows through a rich and grassy valley, where in spring and summer time the bright eyes of many a wild flower enamel the carpet of green. Onwards it runs, sometimes faster, sometimes more slowly, like the uncertain wishes of our hearts, until it joins the river Colne, and with it, loses itself in the sea. In its way thither it is joined by the contributions of many springs. Among others, there is one which, emerging from the bosom of the opposite hill, trickles down at the back of a cluster of buildings, and mingles itself with the waters of the river close by the side of the road. The traveller might not notice this, but for its eddying round the walls of the lower range of buildings which contain the blacksmith's forge. The scene is both pretty and striking. The walls of the shed stand very near the water, separated only by a railing, and, on the other side of the road, the stream is crossed by one of those old and simple wooden bridges for

the conveyance of foot-passengers which we still meet with now and then in the country. It seldom happens that more is needed ; but the bright and quiet-looking rivulet sometimes vindicates its claim to the rank of a river. For after a continuous rain, the waters hurry down from the upper country, and render the ford impassable either to man or horse ; and thus Heckford Bridge, like other earthly things, comes in for its share of the vicissitudes of time.

Here stands then the Village Forge, — a spot known for many miles round,—its weather-boards darkened with the smoke of years, and its worn brick wall, patched with the bills of the various sales, which from time to time take place in the neighbourhood. On a quiet day the smoke may be seen curling up towards the blue sky, and in the autumnal and winter afternoons the ruddy light of the blaze is reflected from the ceaseless frets of the little “River.” Yet what a contrast is here offered to our view ! How different the impressions which the same spot might present to the world and the Christian ! The artist would find it no despicable subject for his pencil, or the pictorial writer for his pen ; and yet this is mere *outside*, *that* which belongs to the things which

are to perish. Side by side are two subjects, the one of this world, the other belonging to the next. Adjoining to that open shed, where you see the ploughboy leaning against the post waiting till his horse is shod, stands a low plain house. Look at that lower window. Within the room to which it gives light is a sufferer. Ah! how little knows the passer-by of what is going on there. He hears the resounding anvil or the sharp tap of the hammer as the nail is driven home to the shoe. He hears, perhaps, the careless whistle of the waiting ploughboy, or the laugh which issues from the group at the door of the forge: but he hears nothing, sees nothing, and, unless he has been told the story, knows nothing, of what is passing within. Outside is man's work. Within is the work of God. The one noisy, open, and temporal; the other silent, secret, and eternal.

In the parish register of the baptisms for the year 1828, the name of E. M. is found recorded. She was the eldest of ten children. Her father, of whom we shall hear more presently, was the blacksmith of the parish. Besides this employment he held a small wheelwright's business, the shed connected with which, and the rough timber, *with the half-mended cart or waggon lying beside*

it, form no unsightly group as we descend the foot of the hill to the forge. Isaac M., moreover, was a skilful horse doctor, and in this capacity was known and employed for many a mile around, and last, not least, he held the office of constable of the parish. Emma went for a few years to a dame's school in the neighbouring village, where she learned to read, write, and work. She was a quiet, sedate child, but she grew up, as too many young persons do, without any definite views, and without any serious application of religion to her own heart. She was tractable and obedient to her parents, and gave them no trouble, as far as their requirements went. In this way she lived till she had nearly reached the age of sixteen years, when it pleased a wise and loving Father to afflict her with a disorder which, by its singularity and obstinacy, not only defied all medical treatment, but after a period of seven years of suffering brought her to the grave. As the character of Emma's illness requires to be known in order to our forming a just appreciation of her spiritual progress, and of the way in which she made use of the precious moments of reprieve from insensibility, convulsion, and pain, the reader *will pardon the following detail of it.*

When Emma was in her sixteenth year she was seized with a pleurisy, which was very obstinate in its duration, and was succeeded, in the course of the year following, by fits of a most violent nature, which continued throughout the day, leaving only the hours of the night for repose. Many months did not elapse, however, before even this rest was denied to her. For a brief season her friends were sanguine enough to hope that the disease was arrested. A change of air appeared to have restored her. But vain was the hope. After some time the fits were renewed, and were accompanied with another strange and inexplicable disorder which ceased not until she was within a few weeks of her death. This disorder, which proceeded evidently from some affection of the brain, displayed itself in certain spasmodic and uncontrollable actions of the body. The fits, which till now had lasted all day, were transferred to the night, to give place to the extravagant efforts of these tetanic spasms. It was a distressing and mournful spectacle. But the reader shall have a description, drawn up in simple language by her father. It is an account of two days and two nights of her illness, and is only altered in *some* of its expressions for the sake of *clearness*.

“At 2 o'clock she begins springing at the foot-board of the bed, hitting it with her hand seven, eight, or nine times at a spring, and continues this till half-past 3. She then begins leaping, standing, and leaping one foot from the bed, hitting the ceiling with her hand six times at a spring. This is about every ten minutes, and these jumps are very violent, and go down very hard. This continues till 20 minutes to 5 in the evening, and in the last jump she throws herself into one corner of the bed, on her knees, her face downward. We then know that the fit is near, which lasts about twenty minutes. During the last ten minutes of the fit she shrieks very violently, and requires five persons to hold her. Then after lying some time she is thrown down to the foot of the bed, and there has a shaking convulsion. This takes place twice, and the third time we lay a bed on the floor, and she springs right out into it. She is then taken up and put into bed, and she then throws herself down to the foot of the bed, shaking every time nine times, and the tenth time she turns her face the other way, and we then know that the next fit is very near, and comes on at 20 minutes to 7. This is very violent, for she kicks everything off the bed and the bed itself also, shrieking as before; and before she comes out of the fit she frequently bites her own arm. She is then thrown down to the foot of the bed as before till 20 minutes to 9 in the evening, when she has the last fit, which is very near 9 o'clock. She continues to throw herself down to the foot, shaking every time, and this during the whole night till half-past 12 at *noon the next day*. She then comes round, moan-

ing for some time, and then takes a little brandy and water; then takes something to eat, *having taken nothing nor spoken*, and having been *quite unconscious, from 2 o'clock one day till half-past 12 the next*. At half-past 1 (generally before 2) she is gone again, and begins leaping on her knees once and standing on her feet, leaping very violently, and this continues till 6 in the evening, when she leaves off standing and leaping, and jumps up on her knees all night till 7 or half-past 7 in the morning; but in the night she does not jump so often. When she comes round she begins springing at the post, and jumps out of bed four times on to the floor, a bed being laid for that purpose. [The manuscript is here torn, but continues thus.] When quite sensible, sometimes she seems cheerful, but has not so much lately sprung at the post. At times she takes refreshment, and reads her book, and amuses herself till the same time I began, which is 2 o'clock, being the two days and two nights. Thus ends the detail of one of the most distressing afflictions that few people have ever seen or heard," &c., &c.

The foregoing account was given to a medical gentleman of Colchester, by Emma's Father, and is transcribed, with very little alteration, from the original. One singular feature in this illness will require to be made clear. There were two, and only two, intervals of rest, in forty-eight hours, granted to her. The one took place at

about seven o'clock on the alternate morning, and the other at twelve o'clock of the same day. In this way she had *four hours of consciousness* and *three of bodily quiet*, but the consciousness of these two intervals was not communicable; that is to say, she could not remember at twelve o'clock what she knew at seven, although, on the day but one following, she could remember what took place at those hours in the *corresponding* hours. During the last five years of this singular visitation, they who watched her could never *discern* when she slept. Nature, of course, demanded the restorative agency of slumber, and without doubt it was obtained; but by day and by night her eyes were open and moving. It is probable, however, that the state of insensibility which followed each fit, and which lasted till the next began, may have supplied the place of the more natural refreshment. Still there were no intervals of pain. Mitigations there might be of the agony which she habitually suffered, but entire freedom from pain was unknown to her.

Yet these were the seasons allotted by an All-wise God for the development of a character of no ordinary standard, and for the display of no *common* measure of grace. What many might

have thought a useless incumbrance to herself and to others, the Spirit of God turned into a blessing. Out of this chaos of physical evils He created a world of spiritual beauty, and planted a garden of Eden where before there was nothing but a wilderness. He made a house, that was hitherto without light, radiant with the beams of His own presence. And thus, an illness which looked almost like a mysterious possession, entailing upon a whole family trouble, anxiety, ceaseless watching, broken nights, and constant fatigue, was so hallowed, by the shining of the Divine grace, as to make its removal an evil, not to be contemplated without sorrow, nor realised at last without anguish of spirit. In short, it was good for herself, and for others, that Emma had been afflicted; for she became the teacher of her family, the counsellor of her parents, the instrument of conversion to her father, the reprover of sin in others, the guide of the younger members, and a lesson to all around. Nor is there one who had the privilege of knowing her, who would not acquiesce in the justice of her claim to the title of "The Light of the Forge."

CHAPTER III.

"Affliction then is ours ;
We are the trees whom shaking fastens more,
While blustering winds destroy the wanton bowers,
And ruffle all their curious knots and store.

My God, so temper joy and woe,
That Thy bright beams may tame Thy bow."

GEORGE HERBERT.

MANY persons are apt to attribute too much or too little to the dispensations of God. Some look for speedy, or, at least, very definite results of good from them ; while others admit of no design in them. Thus in the eyes of many, sickness acquires an exaggerated efficacy or it is treated as a merely natural accident, from which the sooner the victim can make his escape the better. All this confusion may be traced to a want of real faith, of which there is as little in the *implicit submission* of credulity, as there is in the

cold rejection of the things which are not seen. Yet were it better to expect too much than too little from the dispensations of God, and more especially from that of sickness, when it comes in a severe and lasting form. The mind of the sufferer becomes irresistibly sobered, and is thus brought into a state of preparedness for the reception of those truths and spiritual approaches, which in a time of health, would never have been tolerated. This, however, is all that the trial in itself can effect. If more is to be accomplished, grace and faith must make the instrument efficient.

It will not surprise the Christian reader to find that E. M., afflicted as she was, did not immediately profit by the burden which her Heavenly Father thought good to lay upon her. Two years, indeed, passed away before she attained to that apprehension of a Saviour, and that surrender of the heart, which are both necessary elements of a real conversion. Yet was God all this time teaching the very truth which has just been touched upon. He was showing, that without His blessing and the preventing grace of His Spirit, no means, however powerful, could subdue the heart. That there was a secret preparation going

forwards, which broke up the fallow ground, and rendered it capable of receiving the good seed and precious rain, we are constrained to believe; but as far as her own consciousness went, or as far as man could detect, or expression could give evidence, Emma was cold and insensible. She had no sense of sin, no love of a Saviour, and none of those yearnings after fellowship with Him which so strongly marked her subsequent spiritual progress. The friend to whom, under the Divine blessing, Emma was indebted for her awakening, and towards whom, to her dying hour, she evinced the liveliest gratitude and affection, says of her, at that period :—

“I often visited her at the commencement of her illness; but at that time, her reserve and difficulty in expressing herself was so great, that I could hardly get a word from her. I often left her with a heavy heart, feeling that I knew not what to try next to arouse her from her apparently dead state.”

The description which Emma gave to the writer of her state of mind at that juncture will fully confirm the truth of the foregoing impression. More than two years had elapsed without any spiritual results. It was then, however,

the due season, and so God brought His own merciful purposes to pass. About this time, the friend above alluded to was sitting with her. Many remarks had been made, many questions put, to all of which Emma gave those vague and general replies, by which nominal Christians are prone to hide their want of faith. Taking advantage, however, of one of Emma's replies, her friend added, "Say not *our* Saviour, but *my* Saviour." From Emma's own account, these words made a singular impression upon her mind. When Mrs. — left the room, she revolved again and again in her thoughts the reason for the necessity of so personal and close an application of the office of Jesus. At last, she exclaimed, with the dawning of this new view fresh in her mind, "*Oh then, I need a Saviour!*" and from that moment, Emma felt herself to be a sinner. Then it was that the fact of her own individual guilt and responsibility flashed upon her conscience. She saw herself mirrored out in her lost condition, as a perishing sinner; and she realised the truth, that religion was henceforth to be a personal business, involving a personal acceptance of the Gospel offers, and a personal

appropriation of the works and merits of the Redeemer.

It is to be regretted, on some account, that no letters nor other documents exist which would show the state of E. M.'s mind at this season, though we should, perhaps, not regret that she was backward to express herself, until she had made full proof of her own faith. Somewhat later, however, she does incidentally allude to her past state of sin.

Here, then, was an important crisis in Emma's history which seems to call for some remark. There is nothing more common or more painful, than the reluctance which most professing Christians show to a personal and present application of the atonement of Christ. Vague generalities are the shield behind which they shelter themselves from the friendly strokes of truth. Yet, it is precisely this appropriation of the truths of the Gospel, and of our personal interest in the work and offices of Christ, which enables us to realise the meaning of faith and religion. Self-appropriation is the very spring of the spiritual affections. Without it, genuine love, hope, or obedience cannot exist. How St. Paul himself *regarded it*, we may discover from his declaration :

“The life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved *me*, and gave Himself *for me*.” Until she was pierced by this truth, therefore, Emma had no religion of her own. Christ was nothing more to her than He is to the heathen, who never hear of Him. She called him her Saviour, because He was the Saviour of all men; but she did not till now discover that He was especially the Saviour of them that believe. In this generalising way, multitudes make a profession who dare not lay claim to any one of the Gospel promises. In this fruitless way, perhaps, the reader has been believing. Yet, we do not thus deal with the practical questions of this life. We do not content ourselves, when sick, with believing that a clever physician lives near us, and has cured many of our neighbours. We send for him, or we go to him. We expect him to scrutinise our case, to make a special note of it; and to prescribe for us personally. Nor do we think of giving his medicine to another; but we appropriate and apply it to ourselves. Why do we not act similarly on a point which is confessedly of more moment to us than health, or even life? If the truth were revealed, and the spring of our

motives laid bare, we should discover a subtle form of self-righteousness to be the lurking hindrance. We cannot persuade ourselves that personal *fitness*, or, in other words, personal merit, has no share in our salvation, though we theoretically denounce the error. Thus, humility is made the stalking-horse of a pride which imposes other terms for pardon than those which God has required, and dispenses it only to them whom they suppose to be something better than sinners, though they be something less than angels.

Emma's sense of her sinful state, and of the Divine mercy, in calling her through the medium of her sickness, is sweetly expressed in a letter which she wrote to a friend, about whose spiritual state she was anxious. It is dated July 26th, 1850, nearly four years subsequent to the time of which we are speaking.

The extracts which are subjoined will show the reader in what light she regarded both the love of God and her own state as a sinner.

"In obedience to your desire I will, if the Lord permit, write a few lines to you, and I hope the same will meet you in the enjoyment of good health; for I know of no greater blessing that we can enjoy, ex-

cept it be sickness, and that I believe to be a real blessing. When God lays us on the bed of sickness, it is then evident that He is seeking our good, the good of our immortal souls; it is a proof that we are His children, for He says, 'As many as I love I rebuke and chasten.' In His wisdom, love, and tender mercy does He afflict us here, to make us meet to partake of His glory hereafter. Oh! that I could indeed be more thankful for my own present affliction, and that I could seek more earnestly to obtain more and more good from it. My only prayer, my only desire is, that it may be sanctified to the saving of my soul. If it should be the means of saving my soul, how thankful, how happy I should (I ought) to be.

"Dear Friend, These last few days I have been meditating on the love of God, which is so wonderful and free to unworthy me. But I can never think about Jesus and His love to sinners, without wondering how it can be. I deserve nothing but His anger on account of my sins, which, methinks, are more than the stars in number; why then should He love me? My heart is evil and full of sin: why then does He love me? I continually forget all His goodness; I neither love Him, pray to Him, nor thank Him, nor do anything as I ought to do: why, then, such love to me? When I think of what my blessed Saviour has done, and is still doing for me, I am filled with wonder, grief, and shame, to think I cannot love Him more. How kind and good it was of that dear Saviour to leave His Father's throne, His Father's love, and

come down into this wicked world; to endure His Father's wrath, to bear the scoffs of wicked men, to suffer, and even to die that cruel death on the Cross He did for sinful me, that I might have eternal life! Oh! what a Saviour! Oh! what a sinner am I! How kind and good it was! But alas! what return have I made Him? How little have I loved Him! Oh! this base ingratitude of mine. It is enough to melt a heart of stone; but my heart is even harder than stone. When I would think good, evil is present with me. Sometimes I feel to long to fly to my Saviour's feet, and tell Him all I feel, to tell Him that I do love Him, and that I do desire to love Him more, and serve Him better, and to beg Him to assist and help me with His strength and heavenly grace to love Him as I ought to do. But then, Satan, that malicious enemy of our souls, knows all this. He knows that if our love is pure and holy to God, and if we wish to serve God with our whole hearts, we are God's children, and therefore none of his. So he tries to make us believe that we do love and serve God well enough, and thus he draws our souls into the snare that he hath laid for us. How often has he deceived me with flattering tongue and lying lips, for I know I never can love God as I ought to do, that is impossible; but alas! how often have I given place to him. I think it is because we so often give place to Satan that we are so often led astray. If we would but resist him, he would the oftener flee from us. If we give way to temptation, we must expect to suffer for it; but if we put our trust in Jesus, and ask Him

to give us strength, He will enable us to withstand the temptations and the fiery darts of Satan, by lifting up a standard against him. 'Blessed is the man that endureth temptation, for when he is tried he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love Him.'

"Dear Friend, I doubt (not but) you will think this a very strange letter; but various are our thoughts and the conflicts of our souls. It gives me much comfort sometimes to think that God knows my thoughts and feelings, when I cannot find words to express them. Yes! and God knows our hearts, too. He knows whether we desire to love Him and give Him our whole hearts, for we must give Him our whole heart or none. We cannot love God and the world too; for it is written: 'If a man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him.' Some think they can love God a little and the world a little. Some think and believe they do love God, when, perhaps, their whole heart is set upon a wife, husband, or child. Again, some resolve to love their gold and their wealth now, and promise to love God by-and-by. And thus it is that natural men pretend to love, serve, and fear God; but, at the same time, are devoted to the services of idols. But how displeasing to God are such hearts,—hearts that are neither hot nor cold! His language is, 'My son, give me thine heart;' nor will He be content with only part of that. He must have the whole heart. You remember it was for this cause that God rejected the Church of Laodicea: 'I would that thou wert cold or hot. So then, because

thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will utterly reject thee.'”

Again, in the same letter she says,

“God saw me walking in the broad road leading to destruction. He saw me, and had mercy upon me. He drew me with the cords of love aside from the world into a sick chamber, laid me on the bed of sickness to show me the error of my ways, the deceitfulness of my heart, my wretched state before God, *and to show me my need of a Saviour*: and how can I sufficiently thank Him for all these things? I know I cannot thank Him as I ought, but I will endeavour to show Him my thankfulness, by trying to live a life of holiness for the future, with His assistance. My life may be a short one; but, from my heart, I desire it may be a new one for the time to come. *I wish to forsake all my wicked ways, and evil thoughts and words*, and do that which God bids me, and what I read of in my Bible. But I am afraid I do not; my heart is so full of sin. However, I will pray to God to help me. My days may be few, but I wish they may be spent to the glory of God.”

In a letter, written to another friend, dated January 23rd, 1851, she touches on the same subject. Thanking her for the present of a little book, she says,

“I value it very, very much. I am particularly pleased with the piece of poetry addressed to the afflicted soul,—every verse ending with that gracious

promise, 'As thy day, thy strength shall be.' I thought it was such a sweet promise for the new year. I always find so much comfort from this text. It matters not whether we are in health or sickness, if our strength is equal to our trial. We have nothing to fear if we can believe that God will do all things well for us. I earnestly hope this will find you quite restored to health and strength, with the blessing of God; for health, as I have heard some say, is the greatest blessing that we can enjoy. But I think it may with truth be said, that sickness, too, is sometimes a real blessing. I do trust it has been made a blessing to me. It was affliction that brought me to the feet of Jesus, to confess my sins, to obtain the token of His forgiving love. Many have had to say with David, 'It is good for me that I have been afflicted. Before I was afflicted I went astray, but now have I kept Thy precepts;' so I think we may with truth say, that afflictions are among our choicest blessings, if they are but sanctified ones; and oh! how earnestly do I pray that my own affliction may be sanctified to the saving of my soul!"

In this way E. M. looked back upon her affliction; in this way she used it. How truly is "wisdom justified of her children!" But the reader will not suppose that all was now a smooth path for our young disciple. She now stood only at the gate, her staff in her hand, her burden of sin on her back: but she found that burden oppressive.

Naturally docile, amiable, and obedient, she nevertheless discovered that, whatever she might appear in the sight of man, in the judgment of God she was corrupt and vile. So great was her alarm and restlessness under this view of herself, that she went mourning all the day long. Some persons expostulated with her about her grief, and thought it unnecessary in one whose young life had been so free from the outbreaks of sin. Was she, then, under a delusion? Did she over-rate her sinfulness, and charge herself with a guilt to which she was not liable? Who that knows his own heart will suppose this? Will he not rather confess that he knows not the extent of his sinfulness, and be ready to exclaim with the Psalmist, "Who can understand his errors?" Emma had indeed reason to be alarmed, if a state of deadness and sloth, of coldness and apathy, be a reasonable cause for fear. But besides this, a vivid sense of sin is needful to bring the soul into its true position before the throne of grace. The heart moves but languidly in the direction of the Cross, until it is excited by the feeling of its necessities. When, therefore, Emma discovered that she needed a Saviour, it was only because she *had found out* that she was a sinner. If her pre-

vious life had not been one of opposition to truth and of impetuous sin, it had been one of deficiency, of indifference, and of dulness ; and of these two states it is questionable whether the latter is not the more dangerous. But let her give her own views of herself.

In a letter to a friend, dated June 4th, 1850, she says :—

“I am a very poor writer when well, but exceedingly bad now I am so ill, which is the only reason that I have not written to you before, and finding that I get no better, I am resolved to endeavour to write a few lines to you. I am still in heaviness, through manifold temptations, suffering the rebuke of the Lord, passing through the fire and water of affliction—but not alone. Jesus is with me to uphold and comfort me, as one whom his mother comforteth. Christ is all in all to me. He is my rock and my salvation. I can truly say that He has been very merciful to me throughout this long affliction. I trust He has made it a blessing to my soul. *Christ has revealed to me the depth of the sin of my heart. I never knew so much of it till this illness. One sin seems to run into another. It is now that I can understand still more the value of the Saviour's atonement.* His promises are very precious to me, for ‘God is love.’ In faithfulness he hath afflicted me. All is the doing of a faithful God. He has afflicted me here, that I may be made a partaker of

His glory hereafter. I do not wish Him to remove this affliction, unless it be His will; only that it may be sanctified. I have no love of life, nor fear of death; for I know in whom I have believed."

Such, in after years, were Emma's reflections upon the purposes and results of God's teaching in her sickness. Her judgment of her previous state must be allowed to be now a fair one, accompanied as it was with the assurance, that neither life nor death could separate her from the love of Christ. Her former alarm, therefore, had not been exaggerated, for it was both reasonable and safe. But the reader will be glad to know how she was delivered from its pressure.

More than a year had elapsed since her first awakening, when Emma had a singular dream. Agitated as her mind was upon the subject of her sins, this is not surprising, since whatever engrosses the imagination, is naturally apt to impress the senses even when they are disentangled from outward objects. It was while under this burden of spiritual trouble, however, that Emma dreamed that she set out to journey to Heaven. After travelling for some distance she drew near to a vast mountain, at the base of which the road *suddenly* closed; but, being anxious to proceed,

she essayed first to go round the mountain, but it was impassable : she then endeavoured to climb it, but it was too steep. In this dilemma she cried to God to help her, when she learned that this was the mountain of her sins, and that till it was removed she could not proceed. Again and again she cried for help, when at length she saw blood descending upon the top of the mountain, when it gradually sank down until it was made level with the plain, and the road was opened to her place of desire. This dream, which she one day related to the writer, when detailing the account of her conversion to God, gave her the first ray of comfort. She believed, that, in this way, God had spoken to her, and she turned the more earnestly to that way of peace, which it served to point out.

Now, it is by no means improbable that she had read the Pilgrim's Progress, and that its imagery had fastened itself upon a mind naturally imaginative, so that when she became troubled upon the subject of her own state, the remedy which the hero of that astonishing work met with, was suggested to her mind, varied by her own fancy. It is the result, however, to which we must look for *the value of the dream* ; since the instances of

beneficial results, which have been from time to time recorded, alone exempt this species of moral agency from total disparagement. A dream, very similar to the above, was once made instrumental in converting a Deist, the only difference being, that the amount of guilt was represented in this case by a huge scroll, written all over, instead of a mountain. But the difficulties attendant upon the subject of dreams might be greatly reduced, if we were to consider that some are irrelevant and unprofitable (Ecclesiastes v. 7), in order that men might not become prophets, while others are sent to give warning and encouragement. (Job xxxiii. 15, 16.) In short, where the subject, the matter, and the end, are obviously spiritual, we are not violating the dignity of a Divine interposition, by assuming, as an instance of it, the dream which is clothed with these characteristics.

The result which followed Emma's dream was such as to open to her a new door of hope. Her intervals of consciousness were now employed in a more intense searching of Scripture, accompanied with more prayer for light and grace. Nor was it long before God heard her desire, and *brought her into the liberty and enjoyment of*

His children. Two texts of the Word of God were the channels of the comfort for which she was thirsting. The first of these was furnished by that friend who was made the instrument of her awakening. The other occurred to her in her own reading.

The reader will bear in mind, that E. M. had hitherto expressed little or nothing to others respecting her own state. Those letters, the extracts from which he has just been reading, were written four year afterwards, when her feet were firm in the heavenly path, and the gates of the city were at times visible to the eye of her faith. But she was most reserved about herself as long as she had any uncertainty respecting her acceptance with God. On one occasion, however, Mrs. —, on parting with her for a season, said, "I shall give you one little verse to think about, till we meet again:—'God is Love.'" This brief, but immense truth, finally dispelled the darkness which the conviction of sin had brought over her soul. "From that day," says this friend, "I perceived a gradual change in her. Her silence and reserve wore off; and she could bear to speak freely of her state as a sinner, and of the blessed hope and peace of the Gospel." To the power of

that vast truth, indeed, Emma herself has often testified. In fact, it ever after seemed to soothe her when under pain and depression. Understood, as she was enabled to understand it, not only did it re-assure her trembling heart, but her illness, her anguish of body, her frightful spasms and convulsive struggles, were all explained by its deep teaching. In short, she believed that God was love; and this persuasion enabled her to feel that love was the moving spring of all her sufferings, and to realise a poet's aspiration :

" Might but a little part,
A wandering breath, of that high melody
Descend into my heart,
And change it till it be
Transformed and swallowed up, O Love, in Thee."

The breath of that mystery of love did indeed pervade her heart. She regarded the present affliction as a discipline needful for her soul, and inseparable from her condition as a sinner; and she looked upon it as a light thing, in comparison of the glory which was to be revealed: because she beheld every thing through the medium of this truth.

It was at this time that Emma's mind derived considerable comfort and strength from another

passage of Scripture. She was reading John xv., when her thoughts were arrested by the 16th verse of the chapter: "Ye have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain: that whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father in My name, He may give it you."

These words formed a subject of contemplation for many of her intervals of thought. The conclusions which the sick girl drew from them will be obvious to the reader. Fresh as her heart was from the conflict which, for upwards of a year, she had been enduring, she seized upon the thought, that, as Jesus had chosen His own apostles, and ordained them, to bring forth fruit, so it was His mercy and love which had sought out her, and for the same purpose. That she had not chosen Him, she well knew, since sixteen years of her life had passed away in alienation from Him. A word from another, reminding her of her need, and His mercy, broke up the winter of her soul, and the conflict commenced. But He who began the work, could alone bring it to maturity; and Emma could only acknowledge that it was of Him that sheweth mercy. A further truth, however, was contained

in that passage of Scripture, namely, the promise of preservation. The *purpose* for which Christ had chosen her was a principal element in her comfort. It was not to cast her off again, but in order to make her bring forth fruit: and that, abiding fruit. In her state of weakness and inability to work, as other Christians laboured, she greatly needed an assurance of this kind, and it was graciously given to her by her Heavenly Father. She was thus enabled to apply to her own case the soothing thought, that, feeble as she was in herself, God would work all her works in her. Thus much for her personal comfort. But there was yet another statement in the text, to which, if we mistake not, must be attributed the wonderful faith and perseverance, which, for two years, she displayed upon a subject which will form the substance of a future chapter. It was this, "That whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father in My name, He may give it you." How firmly she believed this promise, how enduringly she acted upon it,—he could tell who is now with her among the spirits of the just made perfect. Suffice it to say, that relying upon the assurance which it imparted to her mind respecting the success of believing prayer, she ceased not her

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faithful importunity, until God gave her the desire of her soul, the conversion of her father.

Yet it must not be imagined that because the effects of Scripture upon the mind of E. M. are thus detailed, there was anything unusual or profound in her apprehension of the truth. Her mode of thought was always simple and direct, though her mind itself was not cultivated, and her illness, affecting as it did the brain, by interrupting the consciousness, and impairing the memory, was calculated to diminish its power. Her very simplicity, however, fitted her to receive the greatest amount of truth, with the least proportion of error, if that sentiment of Hooker, respecting the exposition of Scripture, be correct, "where a literal construction will stand, the farthest from the letter is commonly the worst." It was its practical import and comfort—not any deep or abstract reading connected with it—which Emma realised in the sublime declaration that "God is love." Nor could she have considered the restrictions connected with the Saviour's words in the other text; but she simply applied what was true of the Apostles to herself, and believed and felt that it *was* true. And herein lies one of the grandest evidences of the divinity of Scripture, that it

furnishes whatever is needful to each heart that comes hungering to its store. Like the gathering of the manna by Israel of old, "He that gathered much had nothing over (not more than he could use), and he that gathered little had no lack." Thus we see how wide a distinction exists between profound thought and spiritual perception. To know God, does not mean that we have fathomed the depths of His nature, but that we have felt and realised His truth and love; and it is quite possible for a man who could understand all mysteries, to have much less of this knowledge than some unlettered, but Christ-loving peasant; as Cowper happily expresses it, in his well known lines, when contrasting Voltaire with the English villager—

"Yon cottager, who weaves at her own door,
Pillow and bobbins, all her little store,
Just knows enough—no more—her Bible true,
A truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew."

What is here related refers to the history of E. M. as far as to her nineteenth year, for she was eighteen years of age when she received the peace which God vouchsafed to her. At this time her fits were regular, followed by the

spasmodic leapings, and her interval of consciousness was limited to a few hours on every alternate day. At twelve o'clock precisely on that day she came to herself; but, at the expiration of one hour, the springing was renewed. On one occasion, the writer happening to overstay his allotted time for a few minutes, was startled by seeing the hitherto quiet and sensible girl spring from her reclining position, and passing between the footposts of the bed, seize one of them, and shake it violently. It may be left to the reader to compute the time and opportunities afforded for mental and moral exertions. Four hours in every forty-eight were the season allotted to this child of suffering, during five years of her life, for the work of grace in her soul. In that space of time, she worked with her needle, read, prayed, wrote, and received friends, to whom she spoke with an earnest affection upon the subject of religion which many will remember, and for which some will have cause to bless God for ever. Can the reader say as much for the employment of his own life?

This chapter will not be improperly closed with her own statement of the change which was thus

happily wrought in her. In a letter, dated August 31st, 1850, she writes :—

“I doubt not but you will feel surprised when you perceive the writer of this, as doubtless you think I am not capable of writing after this long affliction. But you must remember, dear C——, that the Lord giveth power to the weak, and to them that have no might He increaseth strength.

“You will be anxious to hear how I am in body, so I must now tell you that I do not get any better. I am still very ill indeed. I suffer so much with my head: the pain is so sharp sometimes, that I scarcely know what to do with myself. I cannot get any thing to do me any good. The doctors have done all they can for me, and it is evident we must leave all in the hands of the Lord, for He is the only good and great Physician, and I will commit myself to Him, fully and freely, with the strongest confidence that He will do that which is right concerning me.

“Dear C——, it is a very long time since I saw you, and you will not, I hope, be surprised to hear that both my opinions and views are changed, and therefore I cannot write to you as I did once. The pleasures of this world have lost their lustre to me. I cannot look at things in the same light as I did then. Yes, dear C——, I trust a change has been wrought in me, though gradual. ‘The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth. So is every one that is born of the Spirit.’ I hope it is not presumption or pride to apply it to myself. To

His name be all the praise and glory, who alone could accomplish so great a work. I feel that the love and power must be Almighty which has redeemed me from the service of sin unto God. Though in myself perfect weakness, in Him is everlasting strength; and when He has begun the good work, we are assured He will carry it on, and perfect it in Christ Jesus. He will not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax; and shall I not trust Him?"

CHAPTER IV.

"Meek souls there are, who little dream
Their daily strife an angel's theme,
Or that the rod they take so calm
Shall prove in Heaven a martyr's palm."

"O Lord my God ! do thou thy holy will :
I will lie still :
I will not stir, lest I forsake thine arm,
And break the charm,
Which lulls me clinging to my Father's breast,
In perfect rest."

CHRISTIAN YEAR.

IT was at the close of the year 1848 that the writer of this memoir paid his first ministerial visit to E. M. Having heard much of the singularity of her illness, her love of Scripture, and her gentle and cheerful faith, he was prepared to feel a great interest in her ; nor was he disappointed. Upon entering the low-pitched room *where she lay*, he was struck with her appearance

and with the too evident marks of her sufferings. She reclined on a low tent bed, with four posts, which bore the tokens of her convulsive struggles. The upper rods of the bed, which she had broken in her leaps, had been mended from time to time, and the ceiling above her showed the violence with which her head or arm had been dashed against it. Yet there she lay (for all these visits were paid at a particular hour, when she was in her state of consciousness and repose), with her peculiarly sweet and gentle expression of countenance, looking as incapable of these efforts as a child. Her face was long and oval; her eyes large, dark and soft, fringed with silken lashes, which, when she closed them, almost rested on her cheek. At the first interview there was a timid constraint in her manner, which did not wear off, until repeated visits had made her feel more at ease. Her whole demeanour forcibly recalled some lines of the Christian Year.

“But voices low and gentle,
And timid glances shy,
That seem for aid parental
To sue all wistfully,
Still pressing, longing to be right,
Yet fearing to be wrong,
In them the Pastor dares delight,
A lamb-like Christ-like throng.”

But as soon as her confidence was gained, and there was leisure to observe her more closely, the reality of her change became evident, both from the heavenly tone of her mind, and the ardent character of her faith. It will be the object of this and the following chapter, to show the reader the working of the new life, as it was displayed in her intercourse with her neighbours, her habits of mind, her love of ordinances, her anxiety for the welfare of others, and her correspondence. In contemplating Emma under these different aspects, we shall find reason to admire the power of God's grace, and the wonderful workings of His Providence. When we see the fruits which were cultivated under such disadvantages as hers, we shall be reminded that great must be the skill and patience of the Husbandman which could produce so goodly a harvest. And, if Humility and Patience, Submission and Cheerfulness, Faith and Charity, Holiness and Purity, be evidences of the presence of the Spirit of God in His Church, then we may take comfort that He has not yet forsaken it.

The writer could have desired that his materials had been less scanty. Such as they are, however, *they are genuine*. His own observation, and

notes made from time to time, and the remarks of one or two of E. M.'s intimate friends, together with such of her letters and papers as have escaped destruction, and the information gleaned from some members of her family, form the body of his store. To the Christian under trial they will be interesting and encouraging, as showing not only that the same afflictions are accomplished in our brethren that are in the world, but that one and the same principle of faith makes us all more than conquerors. The diction and thoughts of many of the letters will probably surprise him, when it is remembered how small was the amount of the education which she had received ; but her mind was so thoroughly imbued with Scripture, that they justify, in every page, the remark of Coleridge, that "intense study of the Bible will keep any writer from being vulgar in point of style."

To this study, indeed, we must trace whatever is pure, lovely, and of good report, in any child of man ; but in this, as in all other good things, we must give God the glory.

The progress of the spiritual life is not equally rapid at all times. It not unfrequently happens that, after the first burst of the awakened love, when all its energies come into play, and the con-

trasted lives of the same individual are forcibly delineated, there is a pause, or what seems to be a pause, in the growth. But when his time on earth is narrowing, and the heart feels those secret and indescribable intimations which are sometimes vouchsafed in mercy, there springs up in the soul a solemn feeling of the advent of the invisible world, and the Christian girds up his loins to depart. Thus it was that the last three years of Emma's life manifested the expansion of the Divine Spirit within her in a far greater degree than the previous time had done; even according to the written word,—“The path of the just is as a shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day.” One friend, who visited her very constantly, writes thus respecting the point in question. “Ever since I knew her, three years ago, she has always appeared to me to be growing *rapidly* in grace, and living more and more upon her Saviour. This more especially struck me when I saw her for the first time last summer. Her whole spiritual experience seemed to have widened and deepened in an extraordinary degree. Her thoughts stretched far above, and her ideas ranged far beyond anything I had before heard, whilst her look was more cheerful, and her heart was busied in doing her Master's works.”

To what, then, are we to attribute this striking expression of thought and mind, in a person who was utterly incapable of reflection for six days and a half out of every week, during a period of five years? Doubtless it was the power of Divine grace which blessed the means; but we should be presuming upon the order of Providence were we to suppose that all this knowledge was acquired without means. Let the reader then weigh the evidence of E. M.'s acquaintance with revealed truth, and he will find cause, not merely to admire the character we are considering, but to make, it may be, many humbling reflections upon his own progress.

The truth is, that Emma latterly employed every moment of consciousness and quiet in the pursuit of spiritual things. In the last year of her life, she laid aside every book save one; and during the last two months (when she slept in consequence of the subsiding of her fits), she was frequently found asleep with her cheek resting on the opened pages. As soon as she came to herself on the second day, which was at seven o'clock in the morning, she took her slate and wrote down such thoughts as she wished to remember. This she did, because though she had

consciousness at this season, she had no memory. Her slate was therefore brought to her again at one o'clock, and she could then transfer the thought, as it were, to the keeping of memory for any future time. In the earlier stages of her illness, her general reading was pursued with avidity, and many were the books which she perused, marking her favourite passages, for future reference. Of one work she thus speaks in a letter to a friend :—

“I have derived much comfort from Baxter's Saint's Rest. It is a most delightful little book, and a very great treasure to me.”

But the Bible was ever her well of refreshment and delight. This book she *studied*, and the volume itself bears evident tokens of her thought, being marked with pencil in numberless places. So precious in her eyes was this companion of her sick bed, that she unaffectedly considered it the most valuable legacy which she had to bequeath. It was a matter of serious debate with her, therefore, to whom she ought to leave it; and in deciding to give it to the eldest of her sisters, she placed it solemnly in her hand, a few hours before her death, with these words, “*Sarah ! I give you my most precious treasure.*”

We cannot be surprised at this when we consider how much she was indebted to that blessed book, from whose pages she drew from time to time whatever she enjoyed of pardon, peace, comfort, or hope. Let the following testimony show her zeal in scriptural study. A friend writes: "She would often turn to a text, and then ask me for another, and delight in speaking of each; and in this way much of my visit to her was commonly spent. I was often astonished at the quickness with which she found the text she was in search of, and after dwelling with joy upon some of her many favourite verses, she would say: 'Is not this a precious book of promises? but the sweetest of them all is: "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth *me* from all sin."' At another time, when reading to her, at her own request, a few verses from Canticles ii., she remarked, '*I sit under the apple tree all day long. Jesus is so sweet, so very sweet to my taste, I want nothing else.*' This chapter was a great favourite with her, and she would say, 'Read me just one verse—one word from my Saviour is enough—I cannot bear much.' At another time: 'My beloved is chiefest among ten thousand. *If it had been written ten thousand times*

ten thousand, it would not have been all I feel of the preciousness of my Saviour; I lay all my sins on Jesus, and I am accepted in the beloved.'”

A further illustration of Emma's diligence in mastering the sense of Scripture, may be gathered from the fact, that it was her habit to reserve texts for the writer's explanation, and on these occasions her teachableness, as well as her spiritual perception of truth, was remarkable. Great was the pleasure she manifested on receiving any fresh light. Possessing a lively fancy, and having something of a poetic temperament, she thoroughly enjoyed and entered into the typical teaching of Scripture. The experimental truths furnished by the narratives of the dispensation and historical incidents of Israel, greatly delighted her. The lessons of faith, courage, and dependence, inculcated by the passage of Jordan, the victory over the Canaanites, or the gathering of the manna, were entered into, and dwelt upon frequently. One of her chief topics, however, consisted either of a text which had been preached from on the previous Sunday, or some passage in the sermon itself. For she *would employ* her father or sisters in relating to

her all that they could remember of what they had heard ; and in this way she derived much instruction on many points, to which her attention might not otherwise have been directed. It would sometimes happen, that her friends had misunderstood the meaning of what was said, or had failed to convey the true words, and it was remarkable how quickly she detected the misapprehension, though she could not explain it. On such occasions she would say to the writer, "I was sure you did not say or mean that ; but I thought I would ask you." By this means the mistakes of others became conducive to her own improvement ; and, as we shall presently see, another proof of her religious principle was exhibited in these difficulties. The effects of all this Scripture teaching became more and more apparent in the habit of her mind. Her submission to the Divine will, her humility, faith, and conscientiousness ; her cheerful, thankful tone ; her contentment, and yet withal, her sense of sin, were conspicuous to those who sat by her bed side in her hours of quiet, and may be in some degree judged of by her letters. It will be interesting to the Christian reader, to see these traits of grace illustrated, as they will be, partly from the

remarks of friends, but principally from her own letters.

“No one,” says one friend, “could be with her, and not be struck with her simple expression, her singleness of aim, her earnestness and thankfulness, in little no less than in larger things, her carefulness and ready sympathy for others.” Let us take, then, a letter which is dated 19th May, 1851.

“I am so sorry that I have not been able to write you a few words before this ; but it is the Lord’s will. I have been wishing to write to you, and thank you for your kind letters, which always afford me so much pleasure and real comfort, but could not, on account of my arms being so bad, together with the pain in my head, which has, of late, been very severe. I quite lost the sight of my left eye for three weeks, from pain. Oh, what a mercy to feel patience and perfect resignation ! I can say from my heart, ‘ Lord, thy time, thy way, thy will.’ Yes, dear E., I am quite willing to wait and suffer any time, for I am sure God will give me His grace. But oh, what a wayward, undutiful, and rebellious child has the Father in me ! I seem only to live near to Him, and seek after Him, while He chastises and humbles me. Yet still a child !—the longings after my Father’s favour, the spirit of love and satisfaction, raising me in happy moments to joy in God as my God, the spirit of submission helping me to say, ‘ It is the Lord, let Him

do what seemeth Him good'—prove that I am. My trials, however painful, are mixed with the sweetest mercies: and my deepest sufferings are mixed with the choicest comforts. My God, my Bible, and my Saviour, are increasing sources of happiness, to which I can turn at any moment without disappointment; and, I find them more solid as other things fade away. The nearer I get to my Father's house, the more earnestly I long to be there. Not that I am unwilling to suffer; Oh no! I deserve it all, and much more; but that I may be freed from this body of sin, and be with Jesus, which is far better. Oh, dear E., what a mercy to have the soul supported by a sense of pardon, and by fellowship with my Heavenly Father, now for time, and by the hope of glory hereafter, for eternity. I have no gloomy doubts, no distressing fears. I am as sure of heaven, as if I were there already. Not that I have merited heaven. I have no merits of my own, no worthiness,—no, none.

‘ Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.’”

Alluding next to some troubles which her friend had experienced, she proceeds:—

“The trials of God's people are often fiery. They penetrate to the very soul, are exceedingly severe, and appear enough to overwhelm them. But still they are beloved! God loves them; and, therefore, He tries them. Look to the generations of old, and see if the Lord's people in every age, are, and have [not] been, a poor *and afflicted* people. Look at Abraham,

David, Job, Paul, Peter; God tenderly loved them, and yet, how severely He tried them. So with the saints still! God chastises them, that He may prove them, and bring out the evil that is within. We really do not know ourselves, till the trial comes. Of how many a sin, and many a weakness, we are utterly ignorant, till affliction brings them out, and exposes them to view! Tribulation rebukes us. 'As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten,' saith the Lord. All the Lord's children need correction. Many of them will not do without very severe discipline. A parent's rebuke is much to a loving child. How much more the rebuke of our God. Sometimes, the trial is short; a slight rebuke, to which, I fear, we often take but little heed: and thus we compel God to send us heavier and bitterer trials, by our inattention to the lighter. We think, because they are so slight, so gentle, they are not to be owned as the laying on of a father's hand, but casual things, coming and going, we not how or why. The touch of a transient pain, a few days' illness, a slight indisposition, a passing weakness, some common domestic care or vexation, the severance of friendship, some short parting from one we love, some unkindness where we least looked for it, some disappointment on which we were not calculating—these are His fatherly rebukes. I do not mean the sharper and sorer ones. We are not so apt to overlook them. But these light ones, I fear, are often as little recognised, or as much undervalued or unheeded, as if the hand of God were not in each. Do not you think it is so? Oh, how sad that we *should thus*, by our heedlessness and perversity, draw

upon us sorrows which God would fain have spared us. Let us learn the meanings of small trials, [and] of slight rebukes. Let us not sleep as do others; but let us *watch* and be *sober*, remembering, that trials and sorrows are the lot of all God's children. It is through much tribulation that they must enter the kingdom of God. To deliver us from sin, and make us partakers of His holiness, is God's one object throughout. Oh! deep! deep must be the love which takes such pains with us! Beloved E., it is well. Let us learn, then, to glory in tribulation. The world, perhaps, *submits* to it, but it is ours to *glory* in it. Let us ever be looking to Jesus. At His feet there is safety, and peace at His Cross. As the tower of strength, He protects from the army that invades, and supplies with provisions the necessitous and distressed. No officer can arrest us, no foe can overcome us, no danger can harm us, if sheltered in Jesus, the believer's stronghold.

“I am sorry to say my dear mother and two sisters are not well. They seem weak and exhausted, no doubt from the loss of rest. When I think about them, it is then that I feel the burden of the cross, and often do I long for the day of deliverance, that my dear parents may be freed from this sore trial; but I trust my all in the hand of a gracious God. I know it is for my good. The cross not being felt, the crown would lose half its value. You know there is a possibility to be happy even in affliction. I can say it is so with me. *I would not change my state with the richest person on earth who had not my views.* Blessed be God! I have a good hope through Christ

of being admitted into those blessed regions where Lazarus and David, and many others, now dwell, having long forgotten their sorrows. But I have said enough, and I fear too much. I hope I have not wearied you by my perhaps injudicious remarks. I hope you will receive it in love from a very affectionate and afflicted friend. Let us by our prayers endeavour to be useful to each other, and by our letters to animate and encourage one another on our way to Zion."

Something great must have been wrought in the mind of one who, after years of insensibility to the value of religion, or, at least, of a want of personal interest in it, could write and speak thus of her joys and hopes. It is true that the foregoing letter is the fruit of more than five years of affliction. And yet, what is the actual sum of time in which the soul could derive impressions of truth, or exercise the graces which were imparted to it? It amounts to little more than *one hundred and fifty days*. If so much were possible, in such a space, to faculties shackled by a disorder like that of E. M., what a suggestion does the fact offer as to the expansion of the spiritual and mental powers, when liberated from the impediments of a mortal body! It is no small consolation to think that the capacity for apprehending and enjoying that *which is divine* can be so wonderfully and speedily

enlarged, while this thought enables us, in some degree, to understand what the apostle meant when he said, "Then shall I know, even as also I am known."

But we will now pass from this general view of our subject to examine her Christian character more in detail. How precious to every earnest heart are the evidences of Divine grace! How great the comfort which flows from the contemplation of them, when we are permitted to draw the conclusion, that there is the same mercy-seat and the same Spirit available for our own necessity!

CHAPTER V.

"If as a flower doth spread and die,
Thou would'st extend to me some good,
Before I were by frost's extremity
 Nipt in the bud ;
The sweetness and the praise were thine,
But the extension and the room,
Which in thy garland I should fill, were mine
 At the great doom."

GEORGE HERBERT.

THE Christian character is, undoubtedly, complete ; but it is often unequal. The Spirit of God dwelling in the soul, must furnish it with every one of its own graces ; but the proportion in which these graces are exhibited, varies with the temperaments, the temptations, and the obstacles of each believer. Hence, the deficiencies and the varieties in the Christian world. Christ alone stands out as the *perfect* man. Every thing in His character was in just proportion and equal *force*. We approach the nearer to Him, therefore,

according as we are less partial in ourselves. The world, however, forgets this, or does not make allowance for it; and it often, therefore, denies the existence of a grace in some weak Christian, when, in fact, it is only out of proportion and unequal. Was it not his sense of the importance of attending to this due proportion of the Christian character, that made the apostle Peter write? "Add to your faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge, and to knowledge temperance, and to temperance patience, and to patience godliness, and to godliness brotherly kindness, and to brotherly kindness charity. For, if these things be in you, and *abound*, they make you that ye shall neither be barren, nor unfruitful, in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ." To exhibit one such example as that of E. M., is an answer to many a cavil against the reality of religion, and a lesson to those who witness it. To the Christian, moreover, it is a delightful task to trace the life of Christ in the soul of a sinner. And, should it not be a cheering thought, that Jesus is no less interested in the contemplation? "My Beloved is gone down into His garden, to the beds of spices, to feed in the gardens, and to gather lilies. I went down into the garden of nuts to see the fruits of the valley, and to see whether the vine

flourished, and the pomegranates budded." What a delightful thought it is, that the meanest and humblest Christian is thus a garden of pleasant fruits to his Lord. Should not the consideration of this make us jealous and watchful, lest the bitter roots of sin spring up in our hearts? Should it not lead us to cultivate those precious fruits which are acceptable to Him? Varied are the fruits and flowers of a garden. Various are the graces of that self-same Spirit who worketh in all.

Let us illustrate His further working in the character of E. M. It is not often that so many of the graces of the Spirit as were exemplified in her, can be traced on the surface of the character. But this serves to show what a simple reference to the will of God in all things may effect.

And first with respect to Emma's HABIT OF MIND TOWARDS GOD. The most prominent feature in this was a perfect submission to the Divine will, peculiarly indicative of the grace of God and the reality of the Christian life. When we think of her existence, unattended as it was by a single circumstance of earthly pleasure or relief, and reflect that while thus debarred from the common enjoyments of life, her heart was concentrated upon

things wholly spiritual and heavenly, it might, to say the least, have been forgiven her, though Emma should have longed with impatience inexpressible for the hour of her release. So perfectly, however, was her desire for this blessing tempered by her reverence for the all-perfect will of God, that she was never known to murmur.

A friend says of her : — “ I seldom saw her but she spoke of the second coming of Christ, and always with the greatest comfort and joy. ‘ Oh how sweet it will be to see the King in His beauty ! ’ she used to say ; and then she would add, — ‘ I am willing to suffer here, if I can only glorify my Father in my sickness. This is why He is keeping me here ! ’ One day, when suffering great pain, she remarked, — ‘ I hear His chariot wheels very near me sometimes, and sometimes they sound a long way off ; but I can stay or go.’ I never once heard a murmur from her lips ; but I have often heard her say, — ‘ I do not suffer much. I shall have all the ease by and by.’ ”

To the same effect is the testimony of the Scripture Reader, who visited her from time to time. In his journal are the following entries : — “ I found her in much pain, and said, — ‘ You seem very weak to day.’ She replied, — ‘ Yes, I

am ; but I have my dear Jesus close to me to-day, and on Him I lean.'” On another occasion, he writes,—“ I found Emma much worse to-day. While at prayer she fainted ; and when she came to herself, she looked at me with a smile, and said,—‘ You must not mind that. I am growing so weak ; but it will soon be over.’ On Saturday, the 13th of March, 1852, I found Emma in a very thankful and happy frame of mind. After I had read to her, she looked at me with a sweet smile, and said,—‘ I shall not be here long now. See (she said, turning up the sleeve of her night-dress) I have not much flesh left. I shall soon be home. Pray for me.’”

But let us turn to her letters. In one of them, dated December 24th, 1850, she writes :—

“ I continue in much the same state, not any better. Oh ! dear E., what a long and wonderful affliction ! Sometimes I think the time so long, and fear my patience will not hold out. I am weary with my groaning ; yet, I know, faithful is He that has promised, ‘ As thy days, so shall thy strength be.’ And, again, ‘ I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.’ Oh, no ! He that keepeth our souls, neither slumbereth nor sleepeth. He will soon take us hence, to the habitation His love has prepared for us. Therefore, I will not fear, but rather rejoice to pass through this wilderness, leaning on my beloved. It is an unspeak-

able consolation to know that God will do all things well concerning me, and that He will, in His own good time, remove me from sufferings and weakness to the abode of everlasting peace, where the inhabitant shall never say,—‘I am sick:’—‘Where there shall be no more pain, nor sorrow, nor crying; for God shall wipe away the tears from all eyes.’

“I have not written to you for so long that I have many things to say, and it would take me several days to write to you, as I am not able to scribble but a very little at a time, which is the only reason that I have not, in the fore part of my letter, said any thing respecting the book you mentioned. I shall be very pleased with the book I know; for I do not doubt but what I shall like a book of your choice and I am sure I shall value it. I am particularly fond of reading, although I do not have much time, as I am not sensible only one day out of two; but I have a little time, and I find it a sweet refreshment to my often wearied mind and body. Indeed, my mercies are very great. I have nothing to complain of, but an evil heart of unbelief, striving to rebel against my God and Saviour. But He is a Prince as well as a Saviour, my King as well as Priest. He will subdue all enemies under our feet. May He reign unrivalled in our hearts!”

To another friend she wrote thus:—

“I still continue very ill indeed. You said right when you said it was a wonderful affliction. It is, indeed; and sometimes I fear my patience will not hold out. Why are we so slow to believe, so backward to love, so unwilling to exert ourselves? for He *that shall come will come, and will not tarry.* We

only want strong faith to trust Him, and more simple reliance on His word, which shall never fail.

"You made some inquiries in your letter to my sister respecting the circumstances of the death of —. Poor fellow! he was taken away very suddenly. His death brings to my mind, with a force that it never had to me before, that passage of Scripture in the 55th chapter and the 8th verse of the prophet Isaiah. 'For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord.' If you remember, I told you in my letter that — was soon going to a new home,—at least, such was his thought, his meaning; but God had higher and holier thoughts concerning him, and He has, I trust, taken him from a world of sin and sorrow to a new and far better home; a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

"We should be very glad, if you were nearer to us, so as we could see you sometimes; but we must not forget that you, for the present, are in a situation in which Providence has placed you, and this recollection should incline us to be resigned to the necessary absences connected with it. It is well for those who can cordially adopt the sentiment of the Psalmist, — 'He shall choose our inheritance for us.'

"I suppose you know that — is married. What a world of change is this! Let us rejoice that it is not our rest. Our rest is on high; our house is with God. And what rest that will be! Perfect and complete, not idle rest; for we shall serve Him day and night who has purchased it for us with His own blood: but it will be without weariness, without sin, *and everlasting.*'

" Begging an interest in your prayers, that I may be faithful unto death, and receive a crown of life, believe me," &c.

The reader cannot fail to notice the vein of submission which runs through these extracts, and how the circumstances of others, whether of joy or sorrow, draw forth the expression of her own spiritual state of mind. The death of one suggests the superior wisdom of the Divine Will ; the marriage of another, evidently contrasting itself with her own dispensation, suggests the consolation of the promises ; and the absence of a third tends to a lesson on the Fatherly Wisdom and Providence of God.

The same spirit, however, which Emma exhibited under her general dispensation, was manifested on the most trying occasion of her life. We allude to it here, though it properly belongs to another portion of her history. The death of her father, which happened nine months before her own departure, was unquestionably the heaviest affliction which could have been laid upon her ; since, from peculiar circumstances, to be considered presently, she was ardently attached to this parent. " After her father's death," says a friend, "*she wrote me a note full of sweet*

and holy thoughts, whilst her heart was bowed down with grief at her own loss. 'I am cast down,' she wrote, 'but not forsaken;' and when I saw her afterwards, she said, 'My father is with Abraham and Isaac, and all the prophets. They are all with *my* Saviour. Why should I mourn?' "

But what would submission be without faith? Mere submission to what is irrevocable or irresistible is little better than fatalism. On this ground the patient Hindoo, who folds his arms and bows his head respectfully to the decree of death, is equal to the Christian in meekness, and in dignity he is often his superior. True Christian submission proceeds upon the heavenly conviction that all is best, and that whatever God does is the steady result of love. If, therefore, the hope which attends upon a persuasion of the purposes of Divine Love towards us be wanting, the submission with which we meet the waves of this troublesome world, must partake either of a spirit of calm fatalism or of cold despair. Not of such kindred was Emma's. Her faith, her hope, and her cheerfulness, added grace to her submission, even as the setting of a jewel enhances the beauty of the precious gem, or as *the colours of a parterre* are made to give a

perfect effect by their natural relief and harmony. Faith was a large and visible element in Emma's character. It entered like the breath of a sweet odour into all that she said and did. Indeed, it would be impossible to separate it from the other parts of her character (and the same may be said of all God's children), because this grace forms the basis of the other virtues. The Christian submits, hopes, rejoices, mourns, labours, and loves, because he believes. Yet there are separate and marked instances of faith in the individual life of each Christian, which we feel to be examples of the principle, and with such the history of E. M. frequently furnishes us. One eminent instance will appear in another place. But the foregoing letters must have conveyed to the reader decided evidence of her entire trust in God: while in the following we have this confidence displayed in every line.

"I am still in heaviness through manifold temptations, suffering the rebuke of the Lord, passing through the fire and water of affliction, but not alone. Jesus is with me. He will not leave me comfortless, and His presence will soothe and cheer me through this vale of tears. And if the Lord be near, the time of re-union may not be far off. Our light affliction is but for a *moment*. How solacing to the weary spirit

to think of a resting-place so near, and that resting-place, our Father's house, when we shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, where the sun shall not light on us, nor any heat; where the Lamb that is in the midst of the throne shall feed us and lead us to living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes! Why should *we* then, into whose hands the cup of gladness shall, ere long, be put, shrink from the vinegar and the gall? It is a solemn thought; flesh and blood shrink from it. We look around to see if there be no way of escaping; and ask if it must be so. Yes, it must be, as we shall shortly see. Still in the midst of the ever wakeful storms, through which we are passing to the kingdom, there is peace, deep peace, too deep for any storm of earth to reach. In the world we have tribulation, but in Jesus we have peace. 'Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth give I unto you.' And this *is* enough. It comforts me, dear friend, and cheers me on my dark and rugged way. It would not be enough hereafter, but it is enough just now. The wilderness will do for me till I cross into Canaan. The tent will do till the city of habitation comes. The joy of believing is enough till I enter on the joy of seeing. We are content with the mountain of myrrh and the hill of frankincense until the day break and the shadows flee away. I am tiring myself and trespassing on your time, for which I beg forgiveness. Having many things to write unto you I could not write with paper and ink; but I trust to see you soon, and speak face *to face*, that our joy may be full," &c.

The following will serve to illustrate the hope and cheerfulness of her faith :—

“ My dear Friend,

“ Feeling sure that it will give you pleasure to hear from me, and as it always affords me pleasure to converse with you, either by pen or person, I thought I would endeavour to write a few lines to you this morning, if the Lord permit; and I hope the same will meet you in the enjoyment of good health.

“ You have heard of the Lord’s gracious and merciful dealings with me, that He is very pitiful and of tender mercy; therefore I say little about myself but much about my great Lord and Master, Jesus Christ, whom I feel sure you will be glad to hear about, for I trust that He is all in all to you, as He is to me.

“ ‘ He is our Saviour, Shield, and Sun,
Shepherd, Brother, Husband, Friend,
Every precious name in one !
Oh, may we love Him without end ! ’

“ Let us remember every believer is in Christ, and, Christ is every thing to the believer. He is all that we need as sinners, and all that we desire as Christians. May we feel Him to be our Father and Friend, our Saviour and our Redeemer, our Sanctifier and Comforter ! We may then rejoice in tribulation, and glory in infirmity. How sweet is the thought that we have an All-sufficient Saviour, who is able and willing to supply all our wants, and to preserve and keep us from falling, and to be with us in our troubles, who will *never leave us nor forsake us* !

“ I think a Christian ought to be without carefulness when he remembers that he has a friend that sticketh closer than a brother, on whom he is invited to cast all his care, who careth for him. What a glorious privilege to have one to take all our cares off us ! What a difficult duty to be surrounded by cares, to have them pressing upon us from every quarter, and to be required to throw them off as fast as they come ! To cast them upon the Lord, this is a truly Christian state. ‘ I would have you without carefulness,’ saith the Apostle Paul. If in health, much more in sickness, the Lord careth for you. He is your Father, your Husband, your Master ; you are His child, His bride, His servant. As such He careth for you. Oh ! what a happy thought ! Let us, dear friend, in all our trials and troubles and afflictions, whatever they may be, let us always go to the wise for wisdom, and to the strong for strength. For it hath pleased the Father, that in Him should all fulness dwell. All things, whatsoever we may want, dwell in Jesus. In a word, in Jesus there is fulness of grace, truth, tenderness, love, *kindness, merit, light, comfort, patience, wisdom, peace, joy, and endless salvation,* and all He is, and has, is for sinners ; he says, look-unto Me and be ye saved, look wherever else you will and you are lost. Nothing but an experimental knowledge of Christ, living by faith upon Christ, and looking wholly to Christ, can make us safe and holy and blessed. May you be led to this fulness, and out of it receive all your need, for Jesus Christ’s sake !

“ How can we love Him enough, who hath loved us *and washed us in His own precious blood ?* May all

the faculties of our minds, all the affections of our souls, and powers of our bodies, be His! May we present ourselves a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto God, through Jesus Christ! Let us meekly resign ourselves into our Heavenly Father's hands, and leave ourselves entirely at His disposal. Let us do His will in the strength He imparts, and follow in the path He has marked out for us. The path we tread may be thorny, but the end will be blessed. Our souls may be grieved because of the way, but they will be eternally delighted because of the end. We shall enter into peace, and all the redeemed will welcome us to everlasting life, and eternal joy. This, dear friend, is what comforts me in affliction, that blessed hope of eternal life, and everlasting joy. Soon the last pains will be endured, and the conflict for ever over, and all will be for ever well."

Who can read these lines, and reflect whence they came, without admiring the grace which guided the pen of the writer? They contain no common thoughts, and such as no one could have enjoyed without the especial grace of God. Could the reader have witnessed the attenuated frame, the pale face, with its evident traces of deep suffering—could he have been a spectator of any twenty-four hours of Emma's sick life, he would not only marvel at the great work which was wrought in her, but if he be a Christian, he

would bless God, and take courage. God be praised ! there is *reality* in religion, *reality* in the Gospel, *reality* in the assurance that he that believeth is not condemned, and that they who believe do enter into rest. Had there been no reality in these things, the letters contained in this Chapter could never have been written. Let the reader, especially if he knows what sickness is, take comfort from them. The same grace that shines in these simple records is available for him. The same God is near, the same Intercessor at hand, from whom, and by whom it is to be obtained. May the experience of this humble saint prove a stimulus to many, to pray without fainting, and without ceasing !

But there is another feature in the character of E. M., which the thoughtful Christian would naturally expect to find, namely, a holy sense of sin, combined with humbling views of herself, and a conscientious regard to her obedience as a child of God.

It is an essential part of true sanctification that there should be a deep sense of sin. The very Gospel which has brought relief to the wounded spirit, proclaims in its remedy the awful and hateful nature of evil. The sufferings

of conscience, moreover, which have brought the sinner to his Saviour, have also made him very sensitive with regard to the cause of his dangers and sorrows. His remanent corruption, lastly, being opposed to the life which he desires to lead, keeps him perpetually mindful of the presence of his enemy. Thus sin, in its nature, its causality, and its presence, are continually before his eyes. If he hated it before, he hates it more and more now, as the Divine life is enlarged within him. It is an ever present, ever humbling thing. Let us see how Emma regarded it. Her perception of sin in herself has been already shown in a former letter, but it will bear repetition :—

“ Christ has revealed to me the depth of the sin of my heart. I never knew so much of it till this illness. One sin seems to run into another. It is now that I can understand still more the value of the Saviour's atonement.”

In another letter already noticed, she says :—

“ I deserve nothing but His anger on account of my sins ; which, methinks, are more than the stars in number. My heart is evil and full of sin—I continually forget all His goodness. I neither love Him, pray to Him, nor thank Him as I ought to do.—Oh ! this

base ingratitude of mine; it is indeed enough to melt a heart of stone, but my heart is even harder than stone."

Such was Emma's view of her own heart; it was what she conscientiously felt and believed respecting it, and the genuineness of the feeling will be at once appreciated by those who have attained to any knowledge of their own corruption. How simple but forcible is her description of the subtlety and connexion of sin, "One sin seems to *run into* another!" and yet what is more true? "*Who can understand his errors?*" Who can detect and trace all the ramifications of one sin? It is, indeed, a humbling thing to discover the abominations which our chambers of imagery disclose, when once the daylight of Divine grace is admitted into the soul.

Let the reader note, however, her scriptural and just views respecting the corruption of her nature in the following letter: —

"Sept. 22nd, 1850.

"My dear Friend,

"You wished me to write to you again, but my letters, I fear, seldom please or edify. Yet notwithstanding their ignorance, weakness, and emptiness, if *any desires* of a soul regenerated by the Holy Spirit,

any traces of a conformity to the Divine will, and of being transformed into the image of the Lord Jesus Christ, may be discerned in them, in howsoever small a degree, I know it will rejoice the heart of my dear friend. I think it is my desire that all my words, thoughts, and actions may be guided and influenced by the Holy Spirit of God dwelling in me as my Sanctifier, Preserver, and Comforter. I feel rather desponding when I begin to write to you, and think of the poor returns I make for your kindness; but I am willing to send my scrawls after all, for as well as giving me pleasure to write to you, and think of you, I hope they are sometimes a means of humbling me, and I am sure I ought to be thankful if my proud unbelieving heart is humbled in any way.

“Dear friend, you complain of dulness and coldness, and say it is often winter with your soul; but how much more ought I to be ashamed of and mourn over my spiritual languor, surrounded as I am with every mercy and blessing, and in the perfect enjoyment of every comfort that I could wish for! But my dear friend, if we thus feel our corruptions almost overwhelming us, let us cherish a spirit of continual watchfulness, and endeavour to be more earnest, frequent, and importunate at the throne of grace. If ever then we feel the rising of sin, let us plead the promise, ‘As thy days, so shall thy strength be.’ ‘My grace is sufficient for thee.’ I wish to enter more deeply, more earnestly, more spiritually, more continually into these subjects. It is easy to write, but how hard to feel! Alas! What do I feel but sin! I have nothing else to call my own. But His

name be praised if He has caused us to feel our own weakness. In Christ only are we strong. May we daily and hourly receive from Him fresh supplies of grace! May His Divine love be ever more and more shed abroad in our hearts! May we live on His fulness, and be clothed in His likeness! Yes; sinful and unworthy as we are, dearest friend, I trust we shall be raised hereafter in the image, the likeness, the glory of our precious Redeemer. It is this thought [which] animates me and makes me contented, though conscious of much weakness and insensibility. What if I do not shine in this vain world! I can say with (I believe) Newton —

‘Poor though I am, despised, forgot,
If God, my God, forgets me not’—

I am rich indeed, and shall shine soon for ever and ever in the kingdom of God. We shall not then complain of the deadness of soul or want of love. Oh no; all will be perfect love, vigour, activity, life, joy, and peace! My beloved friend and sister, is this our home, our inheritance? Can it be? Then we have, indeed, sufficient cause for joy. Only *thinking* of Jesus animates; *speaking* of Jesus makes our hearts burn within us; *looking* to Jesus transforms into His glorious image. Let us then go through this wilderness, leaning on the arm of our beloved. Let us not lose a moment; but haste to seek that better country. Here we have no abiding place; our treasure is in heaven. Let our affections be there also. Oh! then let us pray for a spirit of prayer, abundantly poured out *upon us, that we may daily be growing in grace and*

in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Let us go to Him frequently, and ask him for grace to supply all our wants, and fear not that we can ever ask too much. I sincerely hope you will not think I am setting myself up to teach you; for I trust I am willing to sit at your feet, or of any of Christ's dear children, and learn. But I know you will not be offended at my endeavouring to stir you up to activity and zeal."

Emma's sense of the nature of sin as dishonouring God and man, frequently showed itself in her intercourse with the writer. Connected as she was with him in one of the most solemn associations of this world, it was a relief to her to unburden herself of anything which weighed upon her mind; and this she frequently did. The sins of others formed sometimes a part of the burden, and the way in which she spoke of them was ever a touching and instructive lesson. There was a refinement and delicacy, as well as a feeling of honour, about her which greatly impressed one. If she had need merely to ask direction, she never mentioned the name; or if it was necessary to mention it, this was always done with sorrow and fear on the offender's behalf. Her cheek would flush with agitation when speaking of some sin which she thought it her duty to communicate,

in order that prayer might be made for the offender.

We may anticipate that one who felt thus acutely about sin would be alive to the duty of obedience. Let the following extract demonstrate her conscientiousness in this matter.

“ I have had these words of our Saviour much on my mind lately,—‘ If ye love me, keep my commandments.’ I know I can neither love Him nor keep His commandments as I ought to do. Sometimes I am afraid lest I should deceive myself with a name to live while I am dead. Nevertheless, when most oppressed with the feelings of my own weakness and sinfulness, I will encourage myself in the Lord my God, humbly relying on the promises made in Christ Jesus to the penitent. I think we should do well to put to ourselves the question which our Lord once put to the Apostle Peter, ‘ Lovest thou me ? ’ I think, after all, that love to Christ is the groundwork of true religion.

“ I was very much interested the other day. My two little sisters were sitting on my bed with me. So I asked the eldest of the two, L——, this question seriously, ‘ Do you love the Lord Jesus ? ’ I waited a little for her reply, and she burst into tears. Those tears told me,—so, at least, I understood them,—meaning (to mean) that she was afraid she had not loved the Lord as she ought, but that she did desire to love Him. I then put the same question to the *youngest*, dear little A——. She answered me im-

mediately with such sweet simplicity—that she did, in her words, ‘Yes, me do love Jesus, and Jesus loves me.’ I never heard her put so many words together before, so you may conclude that it pleased me exceedingly; for it always rejoices me to hear babes lisp the name of their Redeemer. I could not refrain from breathing over her the little prayer and hymn,—

“ ‘May’st thou live to know and fear Him,
Trust and love Him all thy days,
Then go to dwell for ever near Him,
See His face and sing His praise!’ ”

“Oh that they and we also may have more love, more conformity to our blessed Redeemer!”

Thus far, we may be said to have ascertained the habit of this young person’s mind towards God,—as far, that is, as her letters afford us evidence. One other characteristic of it must be given; for, it was so very conspicuous, that a moral portrait of Emma would be deficient if it were left without mention. This was thankfulness,—a grace which is less general among Christians, and especially suffering Christians, than it ought to be; and yet, there is nothing that adorns the Christian character so much as this. It is to the soul what expression is to the countenance,—a quality more beautiful than mere features, because more spi-

ritual. It lights it up. It sheds a halo round the life, and glorifies God more perhaps than any other grace, because it continually justifies His dealings and dispensations before the world. Wherever humility exists in any degree, there we may look for thankfulness : for it is the real sense of unworthiness, which, measuring all trials and all mercies by the rule of desert, glorifies alike the forbearance and the bounty of God.

One friend speaks of Emma's thankfulness, "in little, no less than in larger things," as a point of character peculiarly striking in her. And to this the writer can bear testimony ; for her perception of the Divine love was so great, that her confession of it was ever fresh and flowing. She would latterly often say, when we were about to unite in prayer, "Will you praise God for such or such a mercy?" To cite one example of this : A few months before her death, Emma had sprung from the bed sooner than was expected, and fell heavily on the floor. It was thought, at first, that she had broken her right arm ; but, by God's mercy, the injury amounted only to a violent sprain and bruising. On the writer's first visit to her after the occurrence of *this* accident, when she was lying in great pain,

and unable to move the arm, she said to him, as he was about to kneel down, "Will you praise God for His goodness in preserving my arm?" and then added, with emotion, "My people are not thankful enough." Indeed, it was a great mercy that her arm escaped a fracture; for the result of such an injury would have been terrible, if we consider, that for several hours of each day she was either leaping or in violent convulsions. As it was, the pain was grievous, and the recovery of the limb was considerably retarded.

A few weeks before Emma's release, however, the fits and leapings were removed. This great relief was of God, who in mercy had thus provided that her days should terminate peacefully, and that there should be no impediment to her constant meditation. Her cough and the fever which attends consumption were then her principal ailments. On going down to the house for the first time after the cessation of these maladies, the writer found her very faint and weak, and scarcely able to speak; and seeing her thus, proposed to defer his visit. She admitted that she could not bear the reading; "But," she added, "you will pray with me, and oh! praise God for His mercy. We are not thankful enough. My

people are not half thankful enough for this." Let us conclude our chapter with an illustration of this precious grace, drawn from one of her letters.

" Nov. 9th, 1851.

" My very dear Friend,

" I do hope you will not think it forgetfulness or neglect that I have not written to you before, as I assure you I have been very anxious, and wishing to answer your sweet note, which afforded me so much comfort. But then I am so very ill now, that I have been quite unable to write. At least, it is with much difficulty that I shall pen these few words to you, as this body of flesh is growing very weak. But I know my Heavenly Father will assist me. He has promised to give power to the faint, and to them that have no might He increaseth strength. Now, I must tell you, that my dear Heavenly Father has been pleased to visit me, for many weeks, with severe pain in my side,* and the back part of my head; but what does it matter, since I know it is a loving Father's hand? God's children are always contented with whatever He sends them. As for myself, I am *quite* satisfied with all that comes from my Heavenly Father, be it health or sickness, joy or affliction, life or death, since I am fully assured of the unspeakable glory and happiness to which death will bring me. Oh, how sweet will it be to rest in the arms of Christ! How comfortable will

* In addition to her fits, she now had inflammation of the side, constant pain in her head, and disease of the lungs, accompanied with the wasting fever of consumption.

it be when I shall be no longer in the flesh, and the flesh shall no more weigh down the spirit ! ”

In a few sentences further she expresses her sympathy with her friend, who had been suffering with pain in his face ; and then adds :—

“ I almost forgot to thank you for the little tract that you enclosed in your letter. It is beautiful. You know my taste too in books as well. Perhaps you remember it was a favourite thought of mine, ‘ All fulness dwells in Jesus.’ What sweet words ! ”

The tract which had been sent her was one entitled, “ The Fulness of Christ ; ” and it was always to be seen in the little basket, which lay on her pillow, containing her various books. After writing the above she was seized with a further accession of illness, so that her letter was not resumed for some weeks. She then adds :—

“ Since I began to write this, I have had the ague and fever every other day very severely, so that I have not been able to receive many visits from my Christian friends ; but my Jesus visits me every day, —every hour,—never leaves nor forsakes me. Sometimes He hides His face for a small moment, but soon I see Him again, brighter than ever. Precious, lovely, holy, Lord Jesus ! During these heavy days He has abundantly supplied me with His holy supporting

grace, so that I have been filled with my Redeemer's love; for which refreshment I ought meekly and humbly to thank my Heavenly Father, and I hope I really do.

"Praying that you may be made strong in the joy of the Lord,

"I am, yours affectionately,

"EMMA M——,

"Dec. 4."

What state of mind can be conceived more delightful than this; or, what could more highly magnify the grace of God? For this is not the language of a heart buoyant with life, and vigorous with the exercise of duties. It came from a bed of intense suffering, exhaustion, and languor. It came at the close of five years of confinement. Is there not reality here? Contrast, for a moment, the death-bed of Rousseau, with its contemptible and unnatural affectation; or of Paine, with its horrible terrors; or of Gibbon, with its cold indifference. Contrast the uncertainty of some who have looked to their own works rather than to Christ, and have lost, in consequence, the comfort of His sufficiency. No; this is reality: and if this be real, what becomes of all that religion which stops short of a complete faith in the Son of God?

CHAPTER VI.

"Would'st thou the life of souls discern?
 Nor human wisdom nor divine
 Helps thee by aught beside to learn;
Love is life's only sign.

• • • • • •

"E'en so, who loves the Lord aright
 No soul of man can worthless find;
 All will be precious in his sight,
 Since Christ on all hath shined."

CHRISTIAN YEAR.

AMONG the tests of the governing presence of Divine grace in the soul, there is not one so frequently mentioned in Scripture as that of love to one's neighbour; or, in other words, our HABIT OF MIND TOWARDS MEN. There is not one, moreover, which we can so readily apply to ourselves: it is always at hand. And the reason of its repeated mention is, that in itself it is the most

direct and practical test of our love to God, as well as the most difficult part of our moral discipline. In the Divine character and dealing there is every thing to command our admiration and respect. The more we examine, the further we trace His attributes as they shine out from His revealed word, or from His works, the more we are constrained to admit, even if we do not love Him, that God is worthy of being loved. Not so with man. Here all is sin, or, at the best, imperfection. In fact, God and man are like their respective works; the instrument which reveals the perfections of the one, detects only the poverty of the other. Where such disparity exists, how is it possible to extend anything like a similar affection to both? Yet it is this very difficulty which constitutes the truth and force of the test. Our love to man is a fruit of our love to God; nor can any one be said rightly to love his neighbour, or even his dearest friend, until he has learned to love God first and best, and his neighbour in Him. (1 John v. 2.) We are apt to confound natural with spiritual affection, for it seems harsh to class so many tender emotions among the things which perish. But it is even so. Let us only ask whether none will be found among

them that are cast out, who have known what it is to love deeply, passionately, and perseveringly? Oh! it is a solemn, painful thought, how much of the noblest part of man's nature has failed in its mission, because it was unsanctified. Can we impress too often upon our hearts, that their affections are only safe while held in subordination to God? Can we too often urge upon parents and children, husbands and wives, and the friend that is dear as our own soul, that the love which each claims, and which we are but too free to give, must be first brought to Christ for a blessing, and must then be kept in its own subordinate place? But in this, as in all things, we must learn of Him. And what does He teach us? Is it not a lesson, embracing at once the rule and the motive? "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another." Here we have special love. But He goes further—"If ye love them which love you, what reward have ye? But I say unto you, love your enemies, bless them which curse you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you." Here, then, is universality. Our love, like our other affections, must submit to rule. If we would

be lovers of God, and be classed among His children, we must set ourselves to love all men,—the unamiable and unpromising, the obstinate and antagonistic, the repulsive and the hardened, the injurious and the foe; and we must also carry the flow of our natural and unforced attachments through the channel of His grace. Such was the love of Christ. Let those testify for whom He died. Such was the love of E. M., and we have clear evidence of its fruits in some of her letters, and a few collected anecdotes.

The distinctive characteristic of true love, as contrasted with mere natural affection, is, without doubt, its regard for the eternal state and safety of others, and its extension to all men. Not that it is inconsistent with those preferences which we feel for some more than for others, though even these are modified by the estimate which we form of their spiritual superiority.

Christian love is an evidence of grace, which the natural heart cannot counterfeit. Sympathy, magnanimity, and a certain kindness of disposition may lead men to actions or expressions which, apart from their motives, may not be distinguishable from the fruits of the Spirit. But a genuine love for the souls of others, displaying

itself in anxiety, forbearance, labour, zeal, self-denial, and entreaty towards them, cannot be imitated by any natural qualities whatsoever.

No one could have been acquainted with the subject of this memoir without observing in her the vitality of this love in a very high degree.

There was in E. M. a combination of earnestness and gentleness which made itself felt by all to whom she addressed herself. But her charity did truly begin at home. From the time that she found the Messiah she could not rest till she brought those whom she loved to be acquainted with Him likewise. All her relations thus became the objects of her prayerful solicitude. Father, mother, brothers, sisters, uncles, friends, neighbours, and the wide world beyond them, came within the expanding circumference of her love. Her connection with her father's change, as we have already intimated, will form the material of a distinct chapter. But we will avail ourselves of the testimony of a friend and of her own letters, to prove her untiring thoughtfulness for the true welfare of others.

"Her love to man," writes a friend, "seemed ever to keep pace and grow with her love to God,

and ardently did she long that others might enjoy the hope that was so largely hers.

“ When her father died, her heart was full of tenderness towards her mother. ‘ She does not know how to bear it,’ she said ; ‘ she cannot see that it is all well ; we must pray for her.’ She would often speak to me of her mother’s spiritual state, and of her fears about receiving the sacrament. For her brothers she watched and prayed ‘ as one that must give an account,’ and when one of them proposed going to the Exhibition (of all Nations), she told me of it with the greatest anxiety. She spoke of the temptations of London, and her fears lest he should join with bad companions. For the last two years she has spoken to me very anxiously about the state of one of her uncles. When she was able to write to him she did so constantly, and many times asked for tracts to send to him. It seemed to her that she had but little success, and when I was speaking of him one day, she replied, ‘ Yes, I can and do pray for him. He will not answer my letters, but God will answer my prayers.’ ”

Some of these letters shall be furnished, though they form but a small portion of what Emma

wrote. One of her uncles has since died, and not without hope. None of the letters addressed to him were preserved ; but during his illness she made this remark, in a short note, addressed to the author: "I heard some cheering news from uncle—if it is but heart work: it has been tongue work a long time."

One method which she adopted for the purpose of seriously impressing these relatives was to copy out sheets of texts which she thought likely to affect their hearts. Two or three of these are in the writer's possession, and they evince a remarkable judgment and discrimination. One of them is headed, "Scripture texts indicating the shortness of life and the certainty of death," and contains four texts bearing upon the subject. Another paper, evidently intended to arouse the mind of her uncle, exhibits a greater selection, but all equally to the purpose. The reader may possibly be interested in the arrangement of these texts: it is in itself a little sermon. The texts stand thus:—Zephaniah i. 14; 1 Peter iv. 17, 18; Matthew vi. 33; Matthew vii. 7; Micah vii. 18; 2 Peter iii. 18; Romans xiii. 12; Ephesians iii. 23; Psalm xix. 7; Psalm xci. 1;

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Philippians iv. 6 ; Psalm xxvii. 14 ; 1 Peter v. 7 ; Colossians iii. 2 ; 1 John ii. 16, 17.

A third sheet contains a series of texts of a warning and hortatory nature, followed by a second series under the head of "Victory over Temptation." These papers all show that the love of E. M. was not an impulsive and transient emotion, but a steady self-denying principle ; and when it is remembered that she was never free from acute pain, and that some of her letters were not concluded under two, three, or even six weeks, we must admit that no motive short of a heaven-born affection could have actuated her anxious and faithful remonstrances. But in further proof of this we will lay before the reader her letters to her uncle. Only four of them have been preserved, but they are deeply interesting. The first was accompanied with a tract ; the second was written for the purpose of inducing her uncle to write to her, and contains an allusion to a case of illness which occurred in the parish, and about which she evinced the most lively concern. It was that of a carpenter, well known in the neighbourhood, who had been a careless man, and who died of consumption about a year before

her own departure. She used to ask much about him from the commencement of his illness, when he was laid aside from work, and the decided change which it pleased God to effect in him gave her sincere delight. She often spoke of it, and mentioned it in several of her letters. The third expresses, in a lively way, her wounded affection at her uncle's continued silence. And the fourth is a reply to a letter which she had received from him, and contains a most earnest exhortation to him on the subject of the new year. In all of them her anxiety for an immortal soul rises before the reader. Her very remonstrances are the language of Christian love, seeking to prevail against the apparent disinclination of her correspondent to enter upon the subject of religion.

There are passages in two of these letters which are as original and striking as they are earnest and solemn.

“ Dear Uncle,

“ I have taken the opportunity of sending you this little tract, with an earnest hope that you may find therein a word in season to your soul. Do, my dear uncle, seek to be more acquainted with these things. They are your life, your salvation, your all. ‘ What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul ? ’ Solemn words ! I think

none are more so, except those our Saviour will pronounce on those who have neglected Him at the last day. Oh, think, dear uncle, before it is too late! Oh, seek to have an interest in Christ Jesus, whom to know aright is eternal life! I hope you read your Bible: and may God's own teaching accompany your study, for His dear Son's sake, Jesus Christ our Lord! I shall be very glad to hear from you whenever you like. With many prayers,

“I remain,

“Your ever affectionate niece,

“E. M.”

“My dear Uncle,

“I thought I would endeavour to write a few lines to you, and remind you of your promise to write to me; for I think you must altogether forget that you made such a promise. I have been anxiously expecting a letter from you. It is quite a disappointment to me; therefore I hope you will not fail to answer this.

“I think you will remember the name of one that I will mention to you. I think you know C. H. Poor fellow! he is in a deep decline, and sinking very fast. He has, probably, but a very little time to be in this world. He is, I am happy to hear, quite resigned to the will of the Lord. Dear uncle, just think of this poor man when you were here, as one walking in the broad road to destruction, and think of him now being on his sick bed an heir of glory, an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven. Dear *uncle*, I wish you would take warning by this poor

man. You may not, like him, have time for a sick bed repentance; for there are many cut off without one moment's warning. 'Oh, seek the Lord while He is near; and turn to the Lord, for He will have mercy, and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon.' What has God given us time for, but to prepare for eternity! This world is fading away. Your time is short, life is uncertain, death is at hand, judgment is approaching, and eternity is to follow, when we must all stand before the judgment-seat of God, that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad. Is it a light question then to ask, on what side shall you be found? Shall you be found among them that oppose the kingdom of the Lord Christ, or among them that honour and uphold it? The answer to this is to be found in the way in which you are living. If you are minding spiritual things, and making them the great business of your life, if you are walking in the Spirit, you are already a citizen of Christ's kingdom. But if you are fulfilling the lust of the flesh, and are minding earthly things, giving to them your affection and your chief thoughts, you are yet an enemy to the cross, and therefore to the kingdom, of Christ. We must either be God's friends or His foes. 'He that is not with me is against me, and he that gathereth not with me, scattereth abroad.' Therefore, your greatest business in this world is to obtain the salvation of your precious and immortal soul, for you must be born again before you can enter into the kingdom of heaven. **REPENT NOW.** Oh, ascertain the road in which you

are walking ! Is it the narrow road that leads to eternal life ? But if in the broad road to ruin—it is not too late now to return. The door of mercy is wide open to day. To morrow it may be closed to you for ever.

“ This is from your affectionate niece,

“ E. M.”

“ August 23rd, 1850.

“ Unkind Uncle,

“ Why will you not write to me ? Have you lost all regard for one who always loved you with the warmest affection ? I very often think of you, and wonder how you are getting on, and I am melted almost to tears when I think of your coolness and apparent neglect towards me. You know, dear uncle, how ardently I always loved you, even when a child, and how happy I always was when with you, and many of my youthful days were sweetened by your love and kindness ; and now you altogether forsake me, and will not write even a few lines to me. This is not like Uncle —— ; but, although you have forgotten me, I have not forgotten you, nor ever shall while I live, neither can I ever cease to love you, if you slight me ever so. Once more I ask you to write to me.

“ I am, your anxious and most affectionate niece,

“ E. M.”

“ Jan. 27th, 1851.

“ My dear Uncle,

“ I have received your affectionate letter, and *cannot describe* the pleasure and surprise it afforded me

to hear from you. I was afraid you had altogether forgotten me. I hope you will never be so long again before you write.

“A good and merciful God has permitted you to see the opening of a new year. Oh, that it may be to you the opening of a new life! Begin the year well. Let it be as the beginning of a new life. Give yourself, your health, your strength, and your heart unto the Lord, and He will be the strength of your heart, and your portion for ever. Call to mind His goodness, His love, His mercies that He has shown you through the old year. Learn to love, to serve, and to fear Him. Pray earnestly to God to pardon for Christ's sake your past sins, and to give you grace to forsake them for the time to come. This undertaking is a great one, too great for you to perform of yourself. Beseech the Lord, then, to make and keep you humble for your sin and weakness, and to strengthen you by His Holy Spirit. The devil will seek to deceive you and ruin you. The world will throw out its snares. Evil companions will try to lead you astray from the path of holiness and happiness; and your own heart will be too ready to give way. Begin at once to seek help from God, to resist these your enemies. Seek faith to believe the Word of God, especially the account of Christ's living and dying for sinners. Believing that Christ has so loved you as to die the death of the cross, that He might save you from the eternal death, you will learn to love Him, and strive to obey Him. Now as faith comes by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God, be regular in your attendance at church. Ask God to enable you to worship Him in

spirit and in truth ; to give you the hearing ear, and understanding heart, that the preached Word may be blest to you. Read the Bible with prayer, that you may understand and profit by it, that you may be brought to know your sin and your Saviour. Never omit morning and evening prayer. In trouble, in temptation, lift up your heart to God, and neglect not the Lord's Supper. Take care that you go in penitence, faith, and love, for which you must pray earnestly to God, and then it will be a comfort and refreshment to you. The sight of Jesus' death, as represented in the bread broken, and the wine poured out, will serve by God's blessing to deepen your repentance, increase your faith, and quicken your love. Christ will rejoice when He sees you doing what He has commanded in remembrance of Him ; and He will remember you for good in life, in death, and in eternity. That He may indeed be a Saviour to you, that God may be your Father, and the Holy Ghost your comforter and guide, is the earnest prayer of your affectionate and much afflicted niece,

“ E. M.

“ P.S. I hope, dear uncle, you will be able to read this. I know I am young, and unworthy to speak to you of such things ; but you must receive it in love, for I have written it in love.”

Such were E. M.'s remonstrances with this relative, and they exhibit a union of faithfulness, knowledge, and wisdom, which is not often met *with in religious correspondence*. The mind

which could dictate them must have been much occupied with the subject of religion; and the heart which, silencing the claims of a body racked with pain, could urge her to write thus patiently and perseveringly, must have burned with no common love. But faith and love can work miracles, for they can overrule human corruption.

The following is a letter of a different description, written but a short time before her death, and addressed to a little girl, the child of a neighbour, whom she used to see frequently.

“ My dear Ann,

“ I thought you would like this little book, and I feel sure you will. It is a sweet little thing, and when you get older and able to read your Bible, you will see how much it is like that blessed book which will show you the way to eternal life. Do try, my dear girl, to love and serve your blessed Saviour now. You are not too young. He has loved you, and died for you, and is willing to receive you, and wash you in His own most precious blood. Go to Him, then, in faith, as a loving child goes to its father, believing that He will cast out none. Ask Him to supply all your little wants, and fear not that you *can ever ask too much*. When you get well enough, you must come and see me, and tell me how you like the book. I am very ill, and do not expect to be in this troublesome world long; but I shall go to Jesus, which will be far better. He has always been my best friend, and

I hope I love Him best, and I hope you do too. I hope you are better, and dear mother quite well. With kind love to yourself and mother, believe me to be

“Your affectionate friend,

“E. M.”

How simply and naturally are these few lines accommodated to the mind of a child, without being deficient in the statement of the truth which they are intended to convey! They are a pleasing evidence of the pains and thought which Emma must have bestowed upon her letters. But is not that the very greatness of love which meets and enters into the little things of life? Or when does our love display itself in a more captivating form than when it imitates that of Him who —

“Bids the radiance fall

On every rolling mountain of the floods,
On every trembling drop that gems the plains,
Tinge with its very touch the giant peaks
Of the firm Andes, and the bending cup
Of the minutest flower; exhale at morn
The dews that fertilise a hemisphere,
And dry some swift ephemeron's folded wing,
Blaze in its torrid strength o'er sandy zones,
Yet cheer the living microscopic mite
Which flutters in its glow.”

Here is part of another letter to a friend, and

like the last, in pencil. The reader will at once appreciate the difference of style and thought.

“ Dear Friend,

“ I am very sorry (and disappointed too) to hear that you have been the wrong day. I have been looking for you and expecting you every day, and very often talking about you; and sometimes I have said, I thought Mrs. — had given me up. I have been so anxious about you, that they were obliged to tell me you had been.

“ I hope you are enjoying good health, with the blessing of God, and strong in the joy of the Lord. I hope to see you up the mountain yet, and glad in the salvation of God. Frame yourself for Christ. It is no easy thing to be a Christian. But you, I trust, have gotten the victory, and Christ is holding out both His arms to embrace you; therefore, fear not. Hold on, strive hard, follow after holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord. It has pleased my Heavenly Father to visit me with severe pain in my side again for three days; but no matter, God’s children are always contented with what He does. Oh, that I had a tongue to praise! Come, help me to praise Him, and let us exalt His name together. With kind love, I am

“ Your affectionate

“ E. M.”

A different instance of E. M.’s principle of love shall now be furnished to the reader in the shape of a prayer; nor will he regret its introduction,

as it not only embodies her thoughts and feelings towards others, but presents them in all their freshness, depth, and sincerity. It was found among her papers after her death ; and, making due allowance for her circumstances, no one can fail to be struck by the animating spirit of love which breathes in every line, the comprehensiveness of the petitions, and the leavening of Scripture which pervades them throughout. Portions have been omitted, and a few grammatical mistakes corrected ; but the thoughts and expressions stand in their integrity. This prayer, in fact, is, almost of itself, a little spiritual history, and for this reason, if for no other, we may feel happy that it has been preserved.

“ A Prayer for my beloved Relations and Friends.

“ O most ever blessed Jesus, who in the days of Thy flesh wast pleased to look with pity and compassion on all mankind (and blessed be Thy holy name, that Thou hast declared Thyself to be the same yesterday, to-day, and for evermore), O blessed Jesus, be pleased, I most humbly beseech Thee, to look down from Thy throne with mercy and compassion upon my dear parents, my brothers and sisters, and as Thou hast given them this sore trial, give them also patience and resignation to Thy heavenly will, that the trials and afflictions which they endure in this world, which

are but for a moment, may work for them a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

“O Lord, do Thou support and comfort them in every trial and trouble of this life. Thou sayest, ‘I am with thee to save thee; yea, with my right hand will I uphold thee, for the Lord will not cast off for ever; but though He cause grief, yet will He have compassion according to the multitude of His mercies, for He doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men.’ ‘I know, O Lord, that Thou canst do every thing: power belongs to Thee, and with Thee nothing is impossible. What Thou hast promised Thou art able also to perform. Thou art good, and doest good to all, and Thy tender mercy is over all Thy works.’ Oh, that thou wouldst cause Thy goodness to pass before them, that they may taste and see that the Lord is good! O Lord, be pleased to bless them with all temporal [blessings,] and grant to them whatever may be good for them in this life, and guide them and me to everlasting happiness in Thy kingdom. O Lord of infinite mercy, be merciful unto them, and wash them thoroughly from their wickedness, and cleanse them from all their sins. Purge them with the blood of Jesus, and they shall be clean. Hide Thy face from all their sins, and blot out all their iniquities. Let them be justified, freely, by Thy grace, through the redemption of Jesus.

“Lord, give them a wise and understanding heart. That which they know not, teach Thou them. Let the Spirit of truth guide them into all truth, and make them to understand wherein they may have erred. O Lord, be pleased to reward and bless them

for their untiring watchfulness and increasing care and kindness to Thy unworthy servant. O blessed Lord, for Thy name's sake and for their sakes, be pleased, if possible, to abate the severity of this trial, and, if Thou be willing, remove this bitter cup from them.

“ O God of love, I desire to thank Thee, to adore and praise Thee for Thy goodness and mercy that Thou hast shown to me and mine. I thank Thee that Thou hast called my dear father from darkness into Thy saving light. O Lord God, Thou hast begun to show him Thy greatness and Thy mighty hand; go on I pray Thee to work for the glory of Thy name. Establish, O Lord, strengthen and settle him, and leave him neither will nor power to resist the gracious design and methods of Thy love and mercy for the healing and saving of his soul. O blessed Jesus, be pleased to give unto every member of this family, life eternal, that they may know Thee, the only true God. O Lord grant that not one of them may be lost in the day when Thou makest up Thy jewels. Grant this for Jesus Christ, His sake.

“ O most gracious and blessed Lord, be pleased to bless our dear minister with all things needful for him in this life, both temporal and spiritual. Oh, bless him with the choicest of Thy blessings; give him health and strength, make him to be an ensample to his flock in all righteousness and holiness of living. Open his understanding, O Lord, that he may understand the Scriptures, and enable him rightly to divide the Word of Truth, that he may, by sound doctrine, *both exhort and convince the gainsayer*. Oh, put

such thoughts into his mind and such words into his mouth, that out of the abundance of his heart his mouth may speak to the glory of Thy name and to the edification of those that hear him. Oh, make him wise to win souls, as one that must give an account of them. O Lord, be with him, and guide, and help, and strengthen him, now and always, in the great work Thou hast given him to do. Oh, make him faithful, and diligent, and successful in his sacred calling. Command a blessing, I pray thee, upon all his endeavours. Oh, grant that his labours may not be spent in vain; so that he may both save himself and those that hear him. Oh, be pleased, Lord, to grant, that after he has finished his course upon earth, he may give an account of his stewardship with joy, and receive a crown of righteousness at Thy hands for Jesus Christ's sake. And bless all his dear family. Give them all things that are good for them in this life, and guide them into everlasting happiness in Thy kingdom.

“O gracious Lord, I desire earnestly to thank, to praise, and adore Thee for Thy goodness and mercy, that Thou didst, at the commencement and throughout this long illness, raise me up and send to me my dear spiritual friend Mrs. —, and that Thou didst cause her to be instrumental in Thy hands in speaking to Thy servant Thy Word in due season, both for the conviction and comfort of my immortal soul, and for teaching and instructing me in the glorious work of redemption. Be thou pleased, blessed Lord, to reward her in a better way than I can do for all her kind favours and goodness to me, both temporally and

spiritually. Turn all the advantages that I have received from her, O Lord, to her own best and greatest advantage. Give her, O Lord, not only temporal but spiritual blessings and everlasting consolations. Oh, give her that unspeakably rich gift, the full and true knowledge of Thy dear Son. Enable her to continue steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord; and while she is in the world do Thou keep her from the evil of it, and prosper all her endeavours to do good in it; and when she comes to the end of her pilgrimage here, grant that she may depart in peace, and hope, and joy; and oh may she receive from Thee, in Thy glorious kingdom, a crown of glory that fadeth not away! O Lord, be pleased to bless all those near and dear to her. Grant them whatever may be good for them in this life, and be their blessed and glorious portion now and for evermore.

“O Lord, be pleased to bless all my pious friends and relations. Give them all things that Thou, in Thy sovereign wisdom, seest good for them. Oh, do good to them that are good, and to them that are upright in heart; and continue Thy loving kindness to all those who have chosen the better part, and who desire to know and love Thee more and more, and serve and please Thee better.

“Be particular, please O Lord, to remember for good, my very dear friend M. B. Oh! be Thou kind to her as she has been to me, and requite her Christian love, and all her endearing offices of friendship, sevenfold into her bosom. Oh! lead her on from strength to strength, from one degree of saving knowledge and *grace* to another, till from shining here as a light in

this world, she may come to shine as the stars in brightness, in the kingdom of her Father, for ever and ever.

“O Lord be pleased to bless all mankind, and grant that all the world may hear of Thee and know Thee, and serve Thee together in this world, and glorify Thee together in the world to come, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.”

It will seem almost superfluous to add anything further by way of testimony, to the habit of E. M.'s mind with regard to others. But it would be a loss to the memoir itself, were we to withhold the evidence of one letter, in which her offices as a comforter were exercised. The Apostle's rule, expressed in 2 Corinthians i. 4, was singularly applicable to her efforts to render consolation: “Who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God.” She could, indeed, speak experimentally of the Divine consolations, and on this point, like the Psalmist, she had more understanding than all her teachers. Thus, then, we find her writing to her aunt upon the death of her husband:—

“I am very sorry that I have not answered your kind letter *before*, but I have been so very ill, suffer-

ing so much with my head, with pain and weakness, that I could not write, not even now, with ink; and I am afraid you will not be able to read pencil writing. In saying a few words to comfort you, I shall remind you of those comforting words of the Apostle:—‘Let them that weep be as though they wept not, for *the time is short*.’ What a balm is this! The tears you shed to-day, to-morrow shall be wiped away. ‘Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.’ Yes, in the glorious morning of the Resurrection, we shall have a sweet reward for these light afflictions and troubles. I think we shall wonder we could call them afflictions then. We shall say rather, ‘Blessed happy afflictions, or sorrows, that could prepare me for this enjoyment, this fulness of joy, and these pleasures for evermore.’ Thus shall we talk then. Therefore, hope in God. His best gifts of an earthly nature may be yet to come. Banish despondence. Be of good courage. Wait on the Lord, and He shall strengthen thy heart. You have lost much, but you still possess infinitely more than you have lost or can lose. With Christ as your Saviour, God as your Father, salvation as your portion, and peace as your home, how can you be poor or wretched? You have health, friends, reason, which are great blessings; but you have richer blessings than these. Your children are with you in Christ, and travelling by your side to heaven. You have all the blessings of grace in hand, and all the blessing of glory in hope. You have lost much, but not your salvation. Earth has fallen *from your left hand*, but your right hand lays

hold on heaven. You are poorer for time, but perhaps it is only to be richer for eternity. Be comforted! *All things are working together for your good.* You cannot tell how. That does not ought to concern us. It is God's to say how; ours to believe it will be so. You must not think I am setting myself to teach you.

"It is useless for me to offer an apology for this; but from my heart, I am quite ashamed to send this to one I do indeed love: but I have written it in many different times, often with cold hands and an aching head. I do not forget you. May a gracious God hear our unworthy petitions, and shower upon us these blessings we are not worthy to ask, for the sake of our all-sufficient Redeemer!"

How forcibly are we reminded of the power of sanctified affliction, when we witness such delightful results! The Christian under chastisement, instead of being absorbed in his own troubles, sends forth the power and freshness of the sympathy which they have taught him, and—

"Like the plants, that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe:"

thus illustrating another feature in the principle of love. Thus was it with Emma. Her love possessed the vitality of its source. It waxed not old with her decaying strength, and never was in greater vigour than during the few hours

before her death. To each of her brothers, who had been objects of especial anxiety to her at all times, she spoke about his spiritual state, with all the habitual earnestness of her soul, fortified as it was by the solemnity of her own fast-fading opportunity. She sent messages to one or other of her friends, and to her minister, who was then laid on a sick bed. Nor did she forget the very workmen who were employed in the business of the forge, selecting three tracts adapted, as she thought, to the state and wants of each man. Thus she fulfilled in herself the everlasting truth, that "Love is strong as Death." Thus did she show the possibility of usefulness, even when the power of exertion seemed paralyzed. May her example find its counterpart in many a child of suffering!

CHAPTER VII.

"She is the King's remembrancer, and steward of many blessings.

• • • • •

For that weak fluttering heart is strong in faith assured
Dependence is her might, and behold she prayeth."

TUPPER.

"Thrice blest whose lives are faithful prayers,

Whose loves in higher love endure.

What souls possess themselves so pure?

Or is there blessedness like theirs?"

IN MEMORIAM.

No subject is more illustrative of the relation of cause and effect than that of religion. Not with more certainty may we look up to the cloud as the source of the refreshing shower, than we may trace the maintenance of the spiritual life to a spiritual cause. The whole substance of this truth is condensed in one of those sublime sentences which *the Author of faith and life was wont to*

utter—"Abide in me." Jesus Christ, then, is the cause of spiritual life. From Him, as from a central sun, radiates all light, heat, and life, to the spiritual system. "Jesus Christ" is the solution of all the phenomena of moral light and existence. And yet how inseparably has God knit together the bestowal of grace and the effort to obtain it! Spiritual agencies of every kind, like the electric fluid, encircle us; but we must complete the union between us and them, by the intervening medium of prayer, in order to excite them to action. Vain would be the shining of the sun, if the earth did not roll her broad bosom towards his rays—vain the surcharged cloud, if the wind did not waft it over the thirsty land. Equally vain is the treasury of grace which lies deep and exhaustless in the person, work, and offices of Jesus, if the prayer of faith ascend not to open and receive of its fulness. What then should be our conclusion, if not that wherever we see the workings of spiritual life, we may infallibly assume the existence of spiritual grace, and as certainly predict of the person who exhibits them, that he is a man of prayer? Equally certain is the converse of this, that indifference or *indolence* on the subject of prayer is the fore-

runner of all declension, and the symptom either of an empty house or a departed spirit.

It is not one of the least evidences of the truth of Emma's religious life, that she prized above all things the ordinances of grace. As a student of her Bible, as one of those "whose lives are faithful prayers," as a communicant, and as one who delighted to speak of her heart's Beloved with those whom she believed to love Him also, she gave unequivocal proofs that to her "the things which are not seen" were enduring realities. The reader will not have failed to observe the remarks contained in her letters from time to time, tending to show her extensive acquaintance with the Word of God, and the value which she set on the privilege of prayer. That she was a prayerful person from the first dawning of her spiritual life may be well supposed; but Christians vary so much in their appreciation and enjoyment of prayer, that the use which she made of it is worthy of remembrance. It will be considered a sufficient testimony to her sense of its efficacy, and her perseverance in its exercise, to record the fact, that in reliance upon that text in John xv. 16, which was so impressed upon her mind at the time of her conversion, she prayed for two years

on one subject, and for three years on another, until she successively obtained both petitions. So strongly did she feel the necessity of prayer in the details of every-day life, that she never approached any event, however trifling, without it; a truth so well known and felt by her family, that it led them always to consult her opinion on important matters. "She was the family adviser," said her mother one day; "because she had faith and prayed, and I miss her dreadfully; I feel the loss of my husband doubly now she is gone!"

This feature of Emma's character having been already so fully illustrated, need scarcely be enlarged upon; yet the reader will not think one or two little anecdotes associated with it, out of place here. The first of these is extracted from the journal of the Scripture reader who frequently visited her. "I found Emma," he writes, "much worse, suffering from a severe pain in her side. When I rose from my knees, she said, 'O prayer! how delightful! what a solace is prayer!'" In the strong sense of refreshment evinced by these few words, we see how vividly the sick girl must have realized the Divine presence and succour. Imagination, it is true, may produce a temporary excitement on the subject of religion;

but E. M.'s piety was of a peculiarly sober and venerative cast, ever combined with an intuitive shrinking from display. The effect of prayer upon her whole state was obvious to any Christian eye. Nor is it unreasonable to affirm that, without its comforts and its results, her illness would have been unbearable, and would have earlier terminated her life. We note this, because it is one golden advantage of prayer, that it is re-active in its effects. It operates upon the mind with a soothing and hopeful charm, even in the suspended assent of the Divine will to our petitions. When E. M., therefore, spoke of the delight and solace of prayer, she did but utter a glorious fact. Oh! that the reader of this little memoir may be able to render the same testimony to its blessedness!

Another anecdote, connected with this point, will serve at once to illustrate Emma's discernment of the true matter of prayer, and to give us an incidental mark of her Christian faithfulness. The young friend whose initials occur in the closing petitions of the prayer recorded in the last Chapter, relates it thus, in a letter to the writer. "One reproof she gave me, I shall never forget:—One day last summer twelvemonth

(1850), after I had been praying with her and was going away, she said, 'You will not forget another time to ask more earnestly for the Holy Spirit.'” In this gentle rebuke we recognise a perception of the real wants of the soul, and of their remedy, which no one could evince who had not experienced both; and it is very satisfactory to be able thus to trace the relation of cause and effect through every part of the spiritual history of E. M.

We proceed now to review her feelings with regard to the Supper of the Lord. This was in her eyes a subject of peculiar and solemn interest. Her participation in the ordinance is mentioned in several letters, and her views of it are not only correct, but exalted and refined. It was not until July 30th, 1850, that E. M. received this pledge of redeeming love. Nor must we be surprised at this, when the nature of her illness is borne in mind. She necessarily required a little teaching on the subject; and even when she expressed a wish to communicate, a misgiving arose in the mind of those about her, lest the excitement of a first communion should bring on some of her more distressing symptoms. Besides this, she was not able to receive visitors till after twelve o'clock, and her fits of

leaping began before two. It was with some anxiety, therefore, that we entered upon the celebration of the Lord's Supper in Emma's sick room. The fears, however, which had been entertained proved, happily, groundless. The same blessed Saviour who was ever present with her, was doubly present now, and they who partook with her, arose from that first celebration united and refreshed. Her own sense of its comfort may be estimated by the following remarks of her young friend Miss B. : —“ When I saw her in the beginning of June last, she said directly we were alone, ‘ Last time we met it was at the Supper of our Lord. I have thought I should not see you again till we met at the Marriage Supper of the Lamb, but I wish to be patient.’ One day when speaking of her great wish to receive the Sacrament, she said, ‘ I am so hungry I almost feel I cannot wait till next week,’ and the next time I was with her, she said, ‘ I have been having such a sweet feast of Christ's love since you were here, I only wished all my Christian friends could have been here ; but we shall all be at the feast in heaven ! ’ ”

The following extract from a letter will give the reader a still better idea of her enjoyment of this ordinance : —

“Now I must tell you what a happy day I spent last Tuesday. At least, that part of the day which I can remember, was the happiest day that I ever spent in my life. I dare say you will be surprised, but so it was. I never shall forget that day, it was such a sweet day to my soul. I forget whether I ever told you that I have long desired to be admitted to the Lord’s Supper. I have for a very, very long time desired it, and I hope He that has given me the desire will bless his own ordinance to my soul. It was Tuesday last, joined by my dearest father and two very dear friends, that I received the Holy Communion of the body and blood of Christ, for the first time, from the hand of our beloved minister, by whom, I believe, we were welcomed with the earnest delight of an apostle who could affirm: — ‘I have no greater joy than to hear that my people walk in truth!’ I have not got words to express to you what joy, what comfort, I felt while commemorating the dying love of Christ. It was something like a foretaste of heaven—the time was so sweet and solemn. I think if ministering angels do ascend and descend with glad tidings between earth and heaven, they did so then. Surely, thought I, the Lord has been in the midst of us five to-day, while we have been gathered together in His name. Now I am indeed become a sister in the Church of Christ, and may His spirit and blessing rest upon me, strengthen and refresh and nourish my soul to eternal life! I trust I am now both outwardly and inwardly sealed by the Holy Ghost, to the day of redemption. What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits

to me? I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord for ever."

Again she alludes to this occasion, as follows :—

"Since I wrote to you last, I have professed before the world to be a disciple of the blessed Redeemer, by joining with those who celebrated His dying love, and I find unspeakable comfort. Never did I taste my Saviour's love so sweet. I thought it was a foretaste of that which is to come. I felt it to be none other than the gate of heaven. But, doubtless, you know something of the sweetness and delight in approaching that blessed table. And, oh! how do we find by delightful experience, that the body and blood of Christ will indeed keep our souls unto everlasting life."

Such were E. M.'s sentiments after her first communion. Who can but admire her discernment of its sacred associations and intentions, or fail to recognise in her tone of mind, the deep teaching of the Holy Spirit? What Christian would not desire to have the same perceptions, and to approach this royal ordinance with a similar elevation of thought and taste? We have, however, another letter, in which she speaks of her second communion, and in which we see what lowly thoughts of self, and what solemn views of the subject she entertained.

“Dear Friend,

“I have something to tell you that will both surprise and rejoice you. Last Monday, September 2nd, I was again permitted to partake of the Holy Communion of the body and blood of Christ. And who do you think received it with me? You will be surprised when I tell you Miss M——. It was as much as she could do to get here; but she did manage it with a little help. Dear Mr. —— paid me a visit, one day last week, I think it was Tuesday; and he told me that he had been making an arrangement with Miss M—— to come over here and receive the Lord's Supper with me, for she had been shut out from it for a long time. You may believe I told him it would please me exceedingly, as I have been wanting to see her a long time.

“I was myself very ill that day, more than usually ill, my head was so very bad, I felt trembling and embarrassed. I felt myself unworthy such a feast. I feared it might have been addressed to me—‘Friend, how camest thou in hither?’ I felt too much of a spirit of fear, instead of love. I am afraid I did wrong. These words of Newton exactly expressed my feelings:—

‘If I love, why am I thus?’

Why this dull, this lifeless frame?’

I prayed for more love and faith, and I believe my prayer was heard. When beloved Mr. —— came, my father was engaged. We had to wait a little while, so Mr. —— conversed with me. He said ‘Now it is, *Emma*, that we know what Jesus meant when He said,

"Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst." You cannot think how these words cheered and revived my drooping and fainting soul. My doubts and fears all disappeared, and I felt a calm before unknown; and I trust I was enabled to partake of that heavenly food, looking for the grace of God's Holy Spirit; and that while I eat of that bread and drank of that cup, I did indeed feed upon Christ in my heart by faith with thanksgiving, and in the humble expectation of receiving inward strength, comfort, and joy.

"You see, dear friend, that we do not think enough of the presence of God. It is indeed winter with the soul if He be absent; and how does His presence melt the icy heart, enlighten the dark understanding, and cause the frozen affections to glow with love towards him!

"Sept. 6th, 1850."

Some time before her death, E. M. requested to be allowed the privilege of a monthly communion. The expression which she used, was, "I feel the want of a more frequent communion. You must let me have it once a month." Her request was of course granted, and several celebrations of the heavenly ordinance were enjoyed in her sick room. Another had been contemplated, but never took place, in consequence of the illness of her minister, and of her own de-

parture ; but the anticipation of it having been connected with a particular desire in her mind, the unfulfilled intention deserves a place in this record. Feeling that her life was drawing to its close, she expressed a strong wish that we would let her hear a sacramental hymn sung at her next and last communion ; and she accordingly selected the beautiful and well known hymn,

“ My God ! and is thy table spread ? ”

But it was not to be. The time fixed for the celebration of the rite was the day before Good Friday ; but on the previous Wednesday, her minister was seized with an illness, which lasted for some weeks, and ere he was able to resume his duties, E. M. had crossed the boundary of time, and passed through the portals of eternity ! His next visit was to her grave. It was a sad disappointment at the time to both parties, but something better was reserved for her. Instead of knowing in part, she was admitted to know even as she also was known ; and in place of seeing through a glass darkly, she was brought face to face with her Saviour. Who then could regret her ungratified desire ?

We must now submit to the reader, the few remaining compositions of this afflicted child of God. If we feel the disadvantage of not possessing documents more numerous, or of a more progressive character, we have, on the other hand, much to repay us in the superior style of the letters, and the gratifying tokens which they present to us of the riches of Divine grace.

The subject of the first letter is "the opening of another year," and the reflections which it contains are worthy of a place in every Christian heart. The way in which Emma stirs up her friend to instant action, and encourages her to cast herself vigorously into the duties of the present, instead of lingering amid the regrets of the past, shows us the healthy nature of her own faith. If she would have us look back, it is only "to avoid our errors and to remember our mercies."

"January 23rd, 1851.

"My dear Friend,

"That I have not written to you before this has not been, I assure you, from forgetfulness or neglect, but I am very sorry to say, that I am not altogether so well able to write as I was a few weeks ago. Whenever I try to do ever so little, it always seems to make my head ache so much, and I am very much

afraid that I shall have to give it up altogether. I am feeling very ill to-day, but thought I would endeavour to write a few words to you, if the Lord permit.

“A good and merciful God has permitted us to see the opening of another year. Oh! that it may be to us the opening of a new life! We sometimes hear people say, ‘If I had my life to come over again, I would act in a different manner.’ Now let us regard this as the birth of a new life, with all the advantages of the experience of the old one. I know that my words of themselves will be weak, but I know also that He, whence cometh all power, can take of weakness and make it strength. He can urge and guide the arrow, sped by a feeble hand, unerringly and irresistibly to the *heart*. You are, dear friend, older and wiser than I, but we both, however, have lived long enough to learn a few things. We know that the young as well as the old die. We have seen good men and wicked men, and have formed some opinion about them; but let us ask ourselves which are the more happy of the two. We know it is the good men. We know by our little experience, that when we do wrong, when we have broken God’s commandments, and neglected holy things, it has always made us unhappy; we have never seen real peace and joy spring from evil deeds. This being the case, let us act up to what we know. Fear God, and keep His commandments. You, dear friend, have lived longer than I, and know more of the world than I can, but I have lived long enough to know that this is a world of trouble, and much do I rejoice to think that this *is not* our rest. How many times have we been

cheated, and have known so many bubbles burst, and long since found out the hollowness of the world, and its insufficiency to satisfy our hearts. Shall we not be without excuse, if we do not profit by the past. We know well by the many friends we have lost, that our days are drawing to a close. I will not say that our new life, beginning with the new year, *may* be short, but that it *must* be short. It would be folly in us to close our eyes and hearts to the conviction, that the link that binds us to the world is not a cable, but a spider's thread. Let us look back upon the past, avoid our errors, remember our mercies, live up to the Christian standard, be diligent in doing good to the souls and bodies of our fellow creatures. Let us do as we shall wish we had done, if to-day we were to pass through the dark valley, and bid farewell to this world.

"In conclusion, let me say, in sickness, in health, in trouble, in temptation, lift up your hearts to God in prayer, for God is able to take away our trouble, or to give us strength and spirit to sustain it. Again, I say, we must regard the new year as the birth of a new life, and looking upwards for strength to uphold, and grace to guide us, enter on it with hope and confidence, whether it be for life or death, for earth or for heaven.

"E. M."

The second and third letters touch on a theme which latterly occupied much of Emma's thoughts, namely, the second advent and personal reign of our Lord Jesus Christ. Considering the very

short time during which this topic engaged her attention, it is surprising to observe how completely she mastered its leading points, and how clearly she arranged them in her mind. Her reasons, too, for the study of the subject, show how seriously she regarded her position as a Christian: "We, as Christians, have received a commission to display the Creator in the majesty and beauty of His second creation;" and her enjoyment of it is simply expressed in two sentences,—“I am sure you will like this subject,”—“It is so glorious.” In the third letter (or rather extract from a letter, the rest of which has been already given), we cannot fail to note the devoutness of E. M.’s heart, and her sober view of the glorious, but solemn realities of the second advent. Her reflections upon the church’s prayer, Rev. xxii. 17, and on the second petition of the Lord’s Prayer, need no comment.

“Dear Friend,

“I cannot remember your last visit, but I know by a few remarks which I wrote down that I enjoyed your company and pious conversation. I like to talk about my home above. It seems to strengthen and bear me up above this world. I found that some of our talk was respecting the millennium. I have since then *seen Mr. —*, and asked his permission to lend you

the enclosed tract, which you may be sure was very readily granted. I like the subject much myself; it strengthens the mind. I do not know whether you understand the word millennium. It means 'the thousand years' which some people think Christ will reign on earth. We know that Christ is coming, and that all sin is to be wiped away. The Bible tells us so. But whether He will come personally or spiritually, the Bible does not say. Some people think He will literally come in person, while others think He will come spiritually, that is, He will reign by His spirit in the hearts of His people, as He does now in the hearts of all true believers. I will give you a passage from Mr. Beverley, which I recommend to your serious consideration. 'The effects of the Messiah's reign are to be something more than decent and comely in society. They are to be wonderful, extraordinary, miraculous. The wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid. The changes that shall take place shall be fundamental. Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low.' You see the writer tells us that Christ is coming to establish His Kingdom on earth, but He does not tell us that He will come Himself personally, but He does tell us that His reign will be glorious and peaceable. You will see by the tract that some people quite believe in the doctrine of the millennium, and that Christ will actually come in person, and reign a thousand years over the kingdom of the just, while others, you will see, hold different views, and think it will be a spiritual reign. However this

may be I cannot say. I have examined the subject whenever I have been able, but do not feel decided. There are several passages of Scripture which seem to infer [imply] that Christ will actually come. For instance, the Prophet Zechariah tells us in the 12th chapter, 10th verse, 'and they shall look upon me whom they have pierced, and they shall mourn.' Now look at the 2nd chapter and 13th verse of Titus. Again, look at Matthew, 24th chapter and 13th verse. I think these passages seem as if He were actually coming in person. I think Mr. — thinks it will be a spiritual reign; that Christ will reign by His spirit in the hearts of His people, and He Himself be in Heaven, only there will be no sin, all sin and sorrow and pain will be done away with, and perfect peace and happiness restored. Look at the 11th chapter of the Prophet Isaiah, from the 6th verse to the end. This chapter tells us that the Jews shall be gathered, and all nations shall acknowledge the Messiah. What a happy thought! And we shall have this blessedness too, we that have doubts about it. God will give it us none the less for our doubts, because you see the Bible does not tell us exactly. I think it is very deep to understand, but it is written, 'Blessed is he that readeth.' That is, we are to read and pray for the understanding heart. For my part I quite believe that this blighted earth of ours shall ere long be full of the glory of God. St. John tells us, 'Blessed and holy is he that hath a part in the first resurrection. On such the second death hath no power, but they shall be priests of God and of Christ, and shall reign with Him a thousand years.' This will

be the first resurrection. The ungodly will have no part. They will not be raised until the thousand years are expired. Here notice the passage that you will see I have marked in the tract, which I think will help you to understand this portion, and I am sure you will like this subject: it is so glorious. Mr. ——— told me some people thought a great deal about it, but he did not himself. He knows, he said, that if he is with Christ, he shall be happy. It does not matter to him where he is. If Christ is with him he must be happy therefore he does not trouble himself much about it. But remember, dear friend, that we, as Christians, the body of Christ, have received a commission to display the Creator in the majesty and beauty of His second creation, to exalt by our faith and conversation the Redeemer, the Holy One of Israel, and to show that the earth may be a second paradise, in the light and glory of the Sun of righteousness.

“But for the present we may say in these words:—

‘Come, Lord, and wipe away
The curse, the sin, the stain,
And make this blighted world of our’s
Thine own fair world again.
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!’

“I have marked a verse in this little magazine for you to read, but pray do not think I am setting myself up to teach you. I am afraid you will not be able to make any of this out. I am so weak now that I cannot write with ink. I have been almost three

weeks writing this, as it is. I send you this little book, 'Come to Jesus,' as a token of remembrance, &c., &c., &c.

"E. M."

"Dear Friend,

"I have sent you a little tract of mine, which I think perhaps you would like to read, it is such a beautiful little discourse. The good author seems to be looking and longing for the glorious appearing of the Lord Jesus; and that will indeed be a glorious appearing to all those who have faithfully followed the Lord Jesus. But, on the other hand, it will be a terrible day for all those who have neglected Him. Oh let us watch and pray, dear friend, that we may be found among the happy number whom Jesus will at that day welcome in to dwell with Him for ever. When I think about that glorious day I am filled with joy and wonder, and feel to long for the return of the Lord Jesus, when I shall be delivered from this body of sin, when I shall see Him without a veil, enjoy Him in fulness and perfection, and stand before Him without fault for ever. Oh what a happy day! It almost makes us wish it were even now this moment, but we must wait with patience, or we shall lose our reward. Long and pray for it we may. The Spirit saith, 'Come,' and Jesus Himself saith, 'Surely I come quickly.' Amen! Even so, come, Lord Jesus.

"I think it is a most beautiful little prayer that belongs to the Church of Christ, 'Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly.' But at the same time I think it is a

prayer that ought to be used by none but such as are truly ready and prepared to meet the Lord Jesus when He shall come. It almost makes me tremble when I think how thoughtlessly and carelessly I have said those three little words, but so full of meaning,—‘Thy kingdom come!’ Oh if God had taken me at my word, and ushered me into eternity, unprepared as I then was, I should have been undone for ever; but God is too merciful and long-suffering to usward, and not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance.”

The fourth and last document is a prayer which she composed for the various occasions on which she made use of the remedies that were prescribed for her; and we feel that we may safely commend it to the thoughts of every sick person, into whose hands this little memorial may fall.

“ On taking Physic.

“ O most heavenly Father, who hast declared Thyself to be a very present help in time of trouble, and hast promised to hear all those that call upon Thee in the day of trouble, hear, I beseech Thee, the petition of me Thy most unworthy servant, whom Thou hast for so long time laid on this bed with a most grievous affliction. According to the multitude of Thy tender mercies, remember Thou me, O heavenly Father. Be pleased, I most humbly beseech Thee, to give Thy

blessing to the means now used for my recovery, that I may, if it is Thy blessed will, be restored to health and strength, and to my beloved friends again, that I may not die but live, to speak of the goodness of God and of His wonderful doings towards the children of men. But if, Heavenly Father, Thou hast decreed that this sickness shall be a sickness unto death, grant, O merciful Father, the more this outward man decayeth, so much the more I may find the inner man strengthened and renewed day by day with Thy grace and Holy Spirit. And give me grace to take this Thy Fatherly correction with all patience, resignation, and humility, becoming a child of God. Enable me to look forward beyond my present sufferings, and in patience possess my soul. Enable me to put my full trust in Thee for ever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength. Not only enable me to bear it, but also to rejoice in it, and in the very midst of it fill me with joy unspeakable. Strengthen Thou me upon the bed of languishing. Make Thou my bed in sickness. Lay no more upon me than Thou wilt enable me to bear with fortitude and patience, until my blessed Saviour comes to remove me to Himself. Enable me to reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us, for this light affliction which is but for a moment worketh for me a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. My present trials are short, but the glory to be revealed is eternal. This poor sickly body will be raised a spiritual and glorified body, freed from all defects and disease and

pain, full of health and activity, clothed with beauty and righteousness, exactly like the glorified body of my Redeemer. 'For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.' O Lord, Thou art my God, my times are in Thy hand; make Thy face to shine on Thy servant. Save me, for Thy mercy's sake. Be pleased to increase my faith, enlarge my hopes, pardon all my sins, and cleanse me from all unrighteousness. Perfect my repentance, that I may be delivered from the fear of death. Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation. O blessed Lord, for the time that Thou seest proper to continue this sore trial, O gracious Father, according to Thy rich mercy, be pleased to support and comfort me in my affliction. Make me obedient to Thy holy will, with holiness, gratitude, hope and peace, that I may glorify Thee on earth, and finish the work Thou hast given me to do, and at length exclaim, as my blessed Saviour did on the cross,—'It is finished.' Grant this, O Lord, for Thy mercy's sake, and through the merits of Jesus Christ, my Redeemer. Amen.

"E. M.

"March 23rd, 1850."

CHAPTER VIII.

“ First seek thy Saviour out and dwell
 Beneath the shadow of His roof,
 Till thou hast scanned His features well,
 And know Him for the Christ by proof.

“ Then, potent with the spell of Heaven,
 Go, and thy erring brother gain ;
 Entice him home to be forgiven,
 Till he, too, see his Saviour plain.”

CHRISTIAN YEAR.

It was the boast of the Roman lyrist that he had raised to his own fame a monument more enduring than brass, more lofty than Egypt's pyramids, superior alike to the rage of storms and the wear of time. He claimed for his songs the homage of ages, and the generations of men have justified his boast. The laurels of Horace are still green. But with all this the foundations of his monument are unsound, and his leafy crown will not survive the test of that fire which

is to try the work of every man. The songs of his lyre will not blend with the harmonies of heaven. Alas! the graceful but heathen bard knew not that true honour which cometh from God only. He wrote for man, and he wrought for man's applause, and his works betray their object and their motive. But there is an honour which cometh from God. Its subject is the soul that turns others to righteousness. Its nature is the approbation of Him, who sits upon the throne of His glory. Its form is "well done, good and faithful servant." This is true honour. This will last, because the work which achieved it can never perish. When His awful lips, therefore, shall utter that meed of praise, it will endure for ever; for while heaven and earth shall pass away, His words shall not pass away. Would the reader not live in vain? Let him write his name on the heart of some sinner whom he "has converted from the error of his ways," that when that restored one shall be set up as a pillar in the house of his God, his work may be had in everlasting remembrance. This is glory. Ah, how vain is all beside! Could the earth itself be our monument, it could not perpetuate our fame. Something more is wanting, and that is the living

witness. It is not marble then, nor brass, nor human memories, that can preserve the record of our life. God's word is glory, and there is none besides.

“As He pronounces lastly on each dead
Of so much fame in Heaven expect thy meed.”

Here, then, is a field of honour open to us all. Into these lists all may enter. It is the contest of good and the struggle of usefulness, holiness contending with sin, and mercy with sorrow. But we must enter fully armed, and duly exercised in the use of our weapons. Ere we can undertake this combat we must assay our armour. In other words, we must understand by experience in ourselves the work which we would promote in others.

The name of E. M. is inscribed upon one heart at least, and that, *Her Father's*. He stands for ever, the monument of her filial piety, and of her patience of faith. To these virtues in his child, by the grace of God, Isaac M. owed his conversion. The state of her father was at all times a subject of the deepest interest to Emma, and thus, when asked on one occasion, at what time she began to feel anxious about his spiritual welfare, she replied, “I prayed for father from the time that *I found peace for myself*,” adding, thoughtfully and

slowly, "I found father clinging to one sin—this is why I prayed;" and very touching is the earnestness with which she pursued her task of love. For two whole years, at every hour of consciousness and at every time when the overtaken body, weary of its own struggles, was quiet, she entreated God to have compassion on her father. True to the instincts of her new nature, and "potent with the spell of Heaven," she importuned again and again till her request was granted. It was in the year 1846 that God awakened her soul to a sense of its own necessities. In 1847, He gave the peace for which she was pining, and in that same year, and as if in remembrance of the lesson of Andrew and Philip, she began to pray for the conversion of her father. It was a sorrowful watch, that season of consciousness. She sat at the door of Hope, and often thought that she heard the footfall of Him that was to open it, but she was as often disappointed. Her father's sin was a strong one, and not easily overcome. Emma, though a girl of quiet, gentle and sedate mind, was yet a person of considerable firmness and even of ardour, when her sympathies and affections were strongly enlisted. Many of her letters demonstrate this.

But her attachment to her father was the passion of her life. How tenderly she loved each member of her family they could all attest, but there was something in her father's character and sins that touched a chord of love and pity in her breast which vibrated to the last. Her feeling for him seemed to reverse their position, imparting to her mind the anxious thoughtfulness of a parent who is occupied in watching over the feeble steps of a child. And as long as he lived she retained this feeling. It made her, even after his change, tremble lest he should fall back into sin, and at the same time led her to sympathize with him under the difficulties of his new path. To the last she remained her father's bosom friend and adviser. But to do justice to the faith and patience of Emma we must give a sketch of the man himself.

Isaac M. was what the world would call a good-natured man. In other words, he had many nice qualities, but the most prominent failing in his character was an inability to resist those temptations to which natural kindliness of disposition renders a man so liable—the temptations of what is termed good-fellowship. His *business*, of necessity, carried him much about the

country. He was widely known, and it was through the associations into which this sort of life brought him, that he fell into a sin which for many years proved itself his master, in spite of resolutions (made in his own strength), and which, but for the grace of God, in answer to the prayers of his child, would have ruined him for ever.

Happy was it for him that God had given him such a child! Happy, that she was an afflicted one, since for aught we know, it may have been that the sorrow of seeing his child suffer, and the ceaseless and terrible exhaustion consequent upon her strange illness (for it sometimes required five persons to hold her in her fits)—it may have been that all this silently bowed his heart to a conviction, not formally admitted even to himself, “that if in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable.” For Isaac M. was a tender-hearted man. His heart was keenly alive to the domestic affections; and, strangely enough, during his life of sin, he maintained one singular inconsistency, for he never would touch anything connected with his worldly business on the Sabbath. Not that he cared for the service of God, for he was not a frequent attendant at public worship, and was often a hinderer of others.

But it one was one of those partial influences of truth which we sometimes observe in persons whose sins arise from weakness and irresolution. He was, therefore, not insensible to the appeals of religion. With these characteristics the conversion of Isaac M. would have seemed to many a thing unlikely, if not impossible. Not so to his child. She knew the power and goodness of God, for she had experienced both. She rested upon the promise given to faithful and enduring prayer, and therefore she would never give up the holy cause.

Her mode of dealing with him was as judicious as it was faithful. She urged her father to attend public worship, and to avail himself of the means of grace. She reasoned and expostulated with him. But especially she persuaded him to read Scripture to her. In this way she won him insensibly to an acquaintance with a large portion of divine truth, so that a leavening of the word was silently but surely pervading his whole mind; and this of course led to conversations and discussions over the subjects which they read together. Still "the old Adam was too strong for young Melancthon." Isaac complied with his *child's* requests, but he retained his sin. After a

while, however, he began to take more pleasure in the services of God's House. He was seen almost regularly twice a day in his place in church, and was only absent when some neighbouring farmer's horses were ill, or his cows required doctoring and could not wait, as he believed, till Monday morning, or as was sometimes the case on the alternate Sundays, when the convulsions of his poor child demanded his presence. Nor was his worship over when he left the House of God. On his return home Emma would summon him to her bedside, to repeat to her, during her hour of consciousness, what he could remember of the sermon. In this way she persevered, ever following up the footsteps of prayer with the exertions of faith, till at last his bands were burst. For some months the writer had watched Isaac M. carefully, and had noted his increased seriousness of manner; yet it was not without surprise that he received the announcement of his desire to become a communicant. It was sent to him one Sunday morning, as the non-communicants were dispersing. The suddenness of the request was for a moment perplexing; but on a little reflection, it was determined that Isaac should not be admitted at that

time, a fear arising lest his emotion might have carried him beyond his principles, and lest some subsequent fall should bring discredit upon his religion and scandal upon the body of Christ. But it was a sad blow to him. With tearful eyes and a heavy heart, he turned his feet homewards and communicated to his child what had been done. The step, nevertheless, was a right one, as he himself afterwards acknowledged. To use his own words—"Well, Sir, you were perhaps right. I should have given you more notice, *but that did cut me!*" The truth is that indecision still marked the character of Isaac M.; and though there was much in it that looked promising, there was still wanting the uncompromising resolution which marks the new creature in Christ Jesus. This, however, was eventually granted to him, through that mercy which perfects its own work. On Sunday, December 16th, 1849, he was in his place in church. The text of the sermon was from 1 Peter iv. 18: "If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?" It was a subject needed by him, and was, doubtless, in the providence of God intended for him, since it gave the final impulse to his new career. Hitherto he had been like a tree up-rooted, yet not quite detached from the soil in

which it had been growing. Another wrench was needed to dislodge him entirely, in order to his being transplanted into a better country, and this was effected for him by the gracious Husbandman. The solemn thought of the Apostle in the text alluded to, brought him to the point—that last point from which so many of us shrink—the necessity of breaking with sin in every shape. From that day his mind appears to have acquired a power of decision previously unknown. So plain, so marked was the change, that it became the talk of the neighbourhood. And then began his real struggle. Various were the efforts of his old associates to draw him back into sin, but in vain. First ridicule, then abuse was tried; but he bore it all with patience. One instance of this was mentioned to the writer by Emma herself, as she received it from the lips of her father. He was much pressed by an old acquaintance, on one occasion when attending Colchester market, to enter the inn and drink wine. This he declined, though several times urged to do so and bantered about his refusal, till at length his friend, no longer able to restrain his vexation, said derisively, “That parson is driving you out of your senses.” “Nay,” replied Isaac mildly, “he is rather driving me into them.”

It was not long before Isaac M. again expressed a wish to become a communicant, and he was accordingly admitted to the Lord's Table, on Christmas Day, 1849. It was a day marked by spiritual joy, not only to himself but to his devoted child. Her feelings are simply recorded in a paper which was found after her death. It contains two notices respecting her father, each being accompanied with a prayer; the one relating to his great change, the other to this occasion.

It is as follows : —

“ By the grace of God, my beloved father was converted to the Divine truth as it is in Jesus Christ, in the year of our Lord, 1849.

“ Oh may the Holy Spirit help his infirmities, and may his faith be steadfast in the Lord Jesus, taking ‘ the helmet of salvation and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God ! ’

“ Oh may he never fall into those sins that he has repented of ! and where sin did once abound, there may grace much more abound.®

“ Now, unto Him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of His Glory, with exceeding joy, to the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and for ever. Amen.”

The other notice respects her father's attendance at the communion.

"On Christmas day, in the year of our Lord Jesus Christ, 1849, my beloved father for the first time came to the Table of the Lord, and received the Holy Sacrament. Oh may he be fed, and refreshed and nourished in his soul to life everlasting !

"O heavenly Father, I desire to thank, praise, and adore Thee, for Thy wonderful goodness and mercy to my beloved parent, in sparing him to taste of Thy goodness."

The rest of this paper has been lost. It will be seen however, what a prominent place the change and progress of the father occupied in the mind of his child, and what a matter of thought and communication between herself and her God it had been. But the reader may wish to know the end of this little history. Many days were not granted to Isaac M.; yet those which were vouchsafed to him, were marked with the sure evidences of the regenerate heart. His whole soul was engrossed with spiritual things. Even his mistakes (and they were not a few) arose out of his desire for truth. Here again Emma acted the part of counsellor. Whatever difficulties he felt, whether in Scripture or in the sermons which he heard, he was in the habit of carrying to her. She would then patiently go through the subject with him, explaining to him as far as she

was able, her own views of the matter. Sometimes he was unable to perceive the conclusion which had been drawn from some truth. She would then quietly leave the subject in the belief that he would, as she expressed it, "know better some day."

A few months before his death, however, Isaac M. deepened rapidly in the Divine life. At all hours he would be found reading the Scriptures, and the family knew in which room he had last been by finding in it his Bible, with his spectacles laid upon the open page. He repeatedly began to read at four or five o'clock in the morning; and when his wife came to bed, after spending the night in attendance upon Emma, he would say "I will read you to sleep." We cannot be surprised if thus drinking of the well of life his character gradually revealed the effects of its healing waters. Often would he say, "How merciful God has been to me, that he did not cut me off while I was rebelling against him!" So sensitive did this consideration make him respecting the spiritual state of others, that he often exhorted his old friends and companions, and mourned over their sins. He was specially anxious about his *brothers*, and wrote to them frequently. He

visited his poorer neighbours, more particularly one sick man to whom allusion has been made in some of Emma's letters, and many a time would they exclaim in astonishment, "What a change there is in Mr. M.!" All this, we may be sure, was not in vain. Praise be to God! the conversion of Isaac M. became as notorious as his former habits of sin. It led many persons to see that religion, the Bible, and the Spirit of God are not words but realities. It strengthened and confirmed the hearts of those who loved the truth. It was made useful to the sick man just mentioned, and was one means of leading him to rest on the sufficiency and power of Christ. In short, it promoted the general cause of truth, as all such evidences of Divine grace must do wherever they exist. But Isaac's religion displayed itself in a way far more satisfactory than even in zeal for the conversion of others. It made him scrupulous and tender in his own conscience, insomuch that he often found the transactions of business a heavy burden. Things which would be considered perfectly lawful in the eyes of the world, where all men "seek their own and not another's wealth," he no longer felt able to undertake, so that his child, at a later period, expressed her

sympathy with his difficulties in the touching words, "The world was getting too rough for him." His sensitive regard for the commands of God may be illustrated by the following anecdote :—He had been urged by a friend, as a matter of great favour, to endorse a bill ; and, but for the opinion of Emma, he would have done so at once. She, however, was strongly averse to such an act, not from any doubt of the honour of her father's friend, but from the feeling that it was a risk which he ought not to incur. The time pressed. It was the end of the week, and the bill was to be presented early in the week following. In this state of things the Sabbath dawned and Isaac M. went as usual to worship. The text of the morning sermon (preserved in Emma's own pencil writing) was Colossians iii. 14. "And above all these things put on charity, which is the bond of perfectness." On his return home he went straight to his daughter's room and said, "Emma, I *must* sign that paper. I have been hearing a sermon about love. The text tells me I must do it, and I shall sign it." With true judgment Emma did not attempt to interfere with a religious conviction of her parent, however she might still question *its wisdom*. The paper, therefore, was signed and

forwarded the next day. It is at once a proof of the guardian goodness of God, and of the honourable character of the friend in question that he wrote, after Isaac's death, to assure his widow that the money was safe; and that he shortly afterwards settled the affair.

But the world was, indeed, "getting too rough" for Isaac, and his Heavenly Father graciously delivered him out of its troublesome waves. On Trinity Sunday, 1851, he was, as usual, at church. The writer noticed him, as he often did, reverently taking his part in the service, and leaning forwards in his pew, with his hand to his ear, earnestly endeavouring to catch the words of the sermon. In the Communion which followed, he saw him again, coming up among his fellow-communicants, his face beaming with a peculiar smile. Little did he think that this would be his last Communion on earth. As Isaac quitted the church he expressed his surprise how so many could be found turning their backs upon the feast, and spoke of his enjoyment of the Sacramental hymn which had been sung that morning. On the following Sunday, he was again in his place; but it was observed that he had come in later than usual, and at the conclusion of the

prayers he was seen to arise from his seat and stagger out of the church. When the service was over, tidings were brought that Isaac M. was fast dying. The writer hurried down to his house, but was too late to see him alive. Apoplexy, which had for some time threatened him, had burst open the gate of this mortal life and set him free. While his widow and most of his children were weeping with passionate grief around his bed, Emma was laying insensible in her room below ; and, in contrasting the states of the three parties—the dead, the mourners, and the unconscious girl, one could not but adore and wonder at the dispensation of God, so contrary to our natural judgment. But Isaac was free ! He had passed from the imperfect and sin-mingled worship of the Church below to the heavenly enjoyments of the saints made perfect. And it was a pleasing indication of the thoughts of the dying man, that though he never spoke after he quitted the churchyard, yet as they drove him away, he turned his head round, and fixing his fading eyes upon the building whose walls he had loved, and which was at that moment resounding with the hymn of praise, kept them there as long as it was *in sight*.

Thus terminated Emma's great labour of love, and this was the end of her two years of prayer and of her subsequent care and watchings. It was a sudden conclusion, and for a season it bewildered her. In one day the chief object of her solicitude was removed ; and it was at first, therefore, with a kind of mournful surprise, that she sought to realise the fact of her loss. The habitual flow of her little life was broken, and it took some time to find another channel of interest. But after a while, her spirit of submission enabled her to survey her diminished world, and to betake herself to its duties. "I ought now to think of mother," she said, when urged to relinquish her desire of being carried up to see her father's remains. "Perhaps I might have a fit, and that would only increase the sorrow. Besides, which, it could not do father any good, could it?" The following extracts will show the tone of her mind, and the awakening of fresh sympathies within her heart.

To a kind friend she writes : —

"Dear mother is not well, but she has still many sorrows. Poor thing ! it is a sore trial that she is called upon to bear, stroke upon stroke ; yet I do hope her strength *will* be equal to her trial. * * * * *

"I will tell you what she (a little sister) said the other day,—I thought it was so sweet. She was by the fire with her mother and brother (a little boy ten years old), who has never been happy since dear father died. He was silently grieving, but presently he said he had no father now. A—— heard what he said. Why A——t, she said, you have got a father; your dear Jesus is your Father. Mother had been watching them; so she asked A—— who told her so: when she said, 'my Emma did: '—and I am sure I have not told her so since the week her father died."

The other extract is from a letter, addressed to a kind neighbour who had taken a lively interest in her from her childhood, and who has since joined her:—

"Dear Friend,

"I shall feel most happy if you will accept this little book as a very humble token of remembrance from one who is truly and much touched by your remembrance of myself and mine during the season of our severe trial. For myself, I felt it to be a real blessing to have such a soothing and comforting friend with me. And blessed be the Lord, that in God's mercy I found in these sad days of heaviness the promised Comforter near at hand also. At the beginning of our trial I had my own fears lest I should faint. But He said to me, 'Fear thou not, I am *with thee*.' And as really as He ever spoke to me by

His Spirit He witnessed unto my heart that His grace should be sufficient. But oh! that I had words to express the thankfulness which I feel for your Christian kindness and sympathy which you have shown to us; but words are too weak. I cannot thank you as I would, but do as I am able, and I am sure our Heavenly Father will not forget you. He will reward you, and supply all your need. 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these ye have done it unto *Me*,' Jesus! I know this little text will comfort your kind heart. With every earnest prayer that Christ Jesus may be ever near to you,

"I am your affect. friend,

"E. M."

Such was the spirit in which E. M. received and used her affliction. Some might have thought that a blow so peculiarly trying to her delicate frame was, independently of other circumstances, unnecessary. Some might even have considered it unseasonable. But the allwise Providence which had marked out her dispensation, added this trial in mercy and love. For the same faith which had enabled Emma to pray for two years, for the work of which this was but the consummation, enabled her to link herself more than ever with "the world of gathering." It was henceforward her *duty* to comfort her mother and family; but it was her chief *pleasure* to talk of the happiness

of her beloved father, and to contemplate the joy of re-union with him in the presence of their common Saviour.

Not more true than just are the words of one of her friends :—

“ When I remember her father as he once was, and then what he was at the time of his death ; how she spoke to him and prayed for him : how her own cheerful submission and faith seemed to melt the hitherto impenetrable heart ; I can only look at her as the blessed instrument of winning one soul at least to God, whilst the fruits of her life will, I feel sure, ripen and bring forth plentifully, though she is no longer here to watch their growth.”

But we must return to Emma. With the abrupt close of her father's life terminated, as we have said, the chief object of her own. Her mission was nearly accomplished. She had not lived in vain. Her prayers and wrestlings had prevailed. Her very dispensation of suffering had not been solitary in its effects. It had been given her, to see her father converted from a life of sin to one of holiness and spirituality, and to witness in the family group the introduction of better hopes and prospects. But henceforth her main occupation was gone. What now chiefly remained *for her* was to gather up her strength for her own

departure, which was not likely to be long deferred. Another grief, however, was yet in store for her. Scarcely had the stricken family recovered from the shock of Isaac M.'s removal, when they were called upon to take leave of another member. A promising lad, who had scarcely numbered sixteen summers, was carried off with a species of brain fever. The sympathies and personal hopes of Emma were thus again tried and were not found wanting. Her sick room was the focus of comfort and counsel to her sorrowing friends. It was shortly after this that a great change in her illness occurred. Her violent fits and convulsions gradually ceased. God in His mercy willed that her last days should be undisturbed by these terrible attacks; and she sank under the influence of consumption. Her first intimation of the change was a consciousness of having slept. It was a matter of great thankfulness to her, and one which she repeatedly called upon her family to acknowledge. In truth it was no slight relief to them all, as it set them free from their many watchings, and nights of toil, to which they had been subjected for five years. But she also accepted this change as a gracious note of preparation. It was her summons to go home.

Need we add with what joy she received it! Such was the heavenly state of her mind that the nurse who sat up with her during the last five nights of her life, assured the writer that she could never forget her manner and conversation; and added that she considered the attendance on her a privilege and opportunity for which she should be answerable.

As the time of her departure drew nearer, Emma's spiritual perceptions became more vivid than ever. In the middle of the night preceding her death, she summoned her brothers and sisters successively to her side, and exhorted them to continue in the faith. She spoke most solemnly about certain sins which she apprehended in some with whom she was acquainted. "Above all, beware of lying and deceit; these, are *the sins*." At four o'clock the next day she said to a kind neighbour, to whom she was much attached:—"I have been twice disappointed. I thought I should have been with Christ before this." More than once, however, she joyfully murmured, "I shall soon be with *Him*." At last the messenger arrived. So noiselessly he entered, and with so gentle a hand unbarred the gate of life, that the moment of her departure was scarcely perceived. The chariot wheels of which

she so often spoke were in waiting, and they bore her to her Father's home. Happy, happy spirit! death was indeed a friend to thee! Well may we ask him,

“ Does she whom thy kind hand dismissed to peace
Upbraid the gentle violence that took off
Her fetters, and unbarred her prison cell?”

The mystery of life is solved. Its discipline was severe but glorious. Who can regret that it was laid upon thee?

It was on the 16th April, 1852, that E. M. was released, and on the 27th her remains were laid in the spot, indicated in the engraving of the Churchyard, and by the side of her beloved father.* And there they two sleep in Jesus. The green sod lies lightly on their bed. Both were monuments of sovereign grace, the one in the purifying discipline of a life of suffering, the other in the rescue from a life of sin. How different, yet how instructive is their history. It teaches us the freeness of salvation, and the variety of grace. Neither of the two *deserved* salvation. The selfsame mercy was extended to the cold, insensible heart of the young sufferer, which aroused

* The grave of E. M. lies in front of the right-hand tree, and has a small yew-tree at its head.

and transformed the depraved mind of the parent. Yet, who could doubt about the amount of grace in each, or who would hesitate to pronounce which of the two had drank the more deeply of the fountain of life? In the case of Isaac the most conspicuous feature of the Divine purpose was compassion. In that of his child it was glory. Looking at the man we should exclaim, what mercy! Looking at the child we should say, what glory! Truly, grace has its mysteries which none but the initiated can understand. If any man would learn them, he must rather sit at Jesus' feet than cumber himself with the tables of life. Yet, blessed are the mourners. Blessed above all are the young mourners! Their plastic hearts are more susceptible of the delicate touches of the moulder's hand. Glorious is the prospect for both, but most glorious for that soul which is made most capable of receiving the fulness of Divine Life and most fit for enjoying it.

CHAPTER IX.

" Warmed by thy brooding wing, Spirit of Truth,
The soul, chaotic erst, moves into light,
Order, and love : now the dry land appears
O'er the receding wave—the green herb springs—
Flowers of unnumbered hues bedeck the soil,
Enchanting Eden spreads above the waste,
And reason's Lord resumes his broken sway."— β .

IN our Introductory Chapter we glanced at the value of religious biography, which in fact resolves itself into one of two particulars. It is indispensable to the usefulness of this species of instruction that it should be either a confirmation of the principles of truth, or of sound practical application to others. A life which does not meet one or both of these requirements is better consigned to a friendly obscurity. In closing this brief memoir, the writer ventures to think that the sands of time will carry the footprints of E. M. ; and it was in the hope that her history might vindicate some portions of Divine Truth, and

encourage and fortify some of Christ's members, that it was undertaken. It may be well, therefore, to review the leading features in her case, and considering them by the light of Scripture, to point out and apply the instruction which they convey.

What then were the circumstances of E.M.'s life? The reader has been made acquainted with the facts of her mind, in regard to its knowledge, perceptions, powers and tastes; let him weigh well the condition of ignorance and of discouragement out of which it emerged. A young girl, whose whole education had been acquired in a dame's school, whose religious belief had no definite form, and whose affections were in no degree animated by spiritual life, is seized, at the age of sixteen, with an illness which after a season gives her only four hours of consciousness, and three of bodily quiet, in every two days. With two of those hours of consciousness there is no connection of memory. Her spiritual condition is a dead one. When sensible, her occupations are unconnected with religion, and the Christian friends who visit her find her inaccessible to its approaches. In this way two years are passed, when a remark made by a visitor, leads her to realise her lost state as a sinner. From this

moment she becomes as anxious as she was previously indifferent. Tears, questionings, searchings of heart, and the study of God's Word, are the results. Her misgivings increase, she cannot be comforted, and thus another year wears away. At length her conscience is quieted by the blood of sprinkling, her heart receives the assurance of Divine mercy and favour through the power of the living Word, and she is at peace. Henceforth a new life and a new world are open to her. Her sick chamber becomes a sphere of active duty. Her very illness acquires a meaning, and unfolds a purpose of mercy. She begins to be a laborious student of Scripture. She prays without ceasing. She *continues* "instant in prayer," until God gives her the two desires of her heart, family worship, and the conversion of her father. First one and then another of her relatives and friends is the object of her solicitude. One is warned, another comforted, a third encouraged. She employs her pen or pencil in correspondence, sometimes taking three weeks to write one letter. She teaches her little brothers and sisters the love of Christ. She herself drinks with increased eagerness of the "living water" which He bestows. She becomes the family friend and adviser. They wait till Emma

is conscious to ask her opinion, "because she prays." She goes on brightening and deepening in the divine life, until teachers say, "I go to Emma's bedside to learn;" and thus she passes another five years of distressing convulsion, aggravated by pleurisy, bruised limbs, diseased lungs, consumptive fever and frequent agony of head, till at last, after some six weeks of comparative quiet, she crosses the flood of death, and sets foot on the shore of the happy land. In all this illness there is no murmuring nor regret, except for being burdensome to others, but ever a gentle cheerful smile, welcoming the visitor to her sick room.

And is there no lesson to be derived from such a history? What would a sceptic or a formalist make of its *reality*? What should the indolent, self-excusing Christian learn from its *usefulness*?

Let us first dwell awhile on its *REALITY*. There is one truth which lies at the root of all the difficulties which men feel respecting the principles of Gospel Revelation—the truth of the necessity of regeneration. This is the real stumbling-block to men's reception of the Atonement, the Incarnation, the Trinity, and the work of the Holy Spirit. *Now*, we see daily that there are no difficulties nor

apparent contradictions in science, which men cannot admit without doubting, but that on the contrary they will sometimes go the length of the absurdest hypotheses to account for them. The reason of this is, that none of these questions affect a man's comfort or peace of mind. He can believe things which are unaccountable, so long as they do not interfere with his happiness, touch his pride, nor humble his self-respect.

But tell him, "that except a man be *born again* he cannot enter into the kingdom of God," and the case is widely different. Here is a personal question. It touches the man to the quick; it lays the axe to the root of his imaginary excellence; he resents the interference, and either submits or takes refuge in unbelief. The Scriptural account of this state of mind is given by Jesus Himself. "Every one that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be reprov'd." And this statement applies to every child of Adam, until he becomes a new creature. For the doctrine, so distasteful to the natural heart, which our blessed Lord declared to Nicodemus, is an eternal truth. Each one of us must pass from death unto life if we would belong to the family of God.

We say then, here is a spiritual fact; the change which took place in E. M. was a *real change*. It was not hallucination. Her subsequent state of mind, her sobriety, her submission, her joy, forbid the conclusion. The whole effect is traceable to a definite cause. If it be supposed that her illness wrought the transformation, we must remember that disease affects the body, not the soul. If it be said that an affection of the brain can produce such moral phenomena, then we ask for similar instances in sufficient numbers to form an induction for a conclusion so unlike all other effects of disease. Must we not take heed, moreover, lest by such interpretations we should be landed in a fatal materialism? But, happily, in the case of E. M. her spiritual change could, by no means, be attributed to her disorder, since she had been a sufferer for two years before she gave any symptoms of spiritual life. And it is most important to note, that the immediate instrument of her conversion was the radical truth of the necessity of regeneration, when she said to her own heart, "*Oh then, I need a Saviour!*" The work, in regard to its cause, therefore, was wholly unconnected with her physical state, although that state

had, probably, predisposed her for the reception of the truth. For,—to use a simple analogy,—her heart, like the field, was brought into a state of tillage by the plough of affliction, but the seed of the subsequent harvest was sown there by the Husbandman himself. And in truth it was the precious seed of the Divine Word, which bore fruit so plentifully in her life.

If then, the conversion of E. M. were a reality, it is equally certain that God brought it to pass. IT WAS THE WORK OF THE HOLY SPIRIT. The Scripture describes the state of the unregenerate man as one of death (Eph. ii. 1—6). It is contrary to the laws of being and therefore impossible that a dead man should give himself life. Life is the gift of God. Fair as our resemblances to what is good may seem,—and there are undoubtedly such things as natural benevolence, generosity, truth and justice,—we have, *naturally*, no life towards God, no piety. Man is like a ruined temple, he has the relics and parts of his former glory, but there is neither completeness, nor dedication to divine service. Another hand than his own must renew him, another spirit than his must give him life. The happy spiritual history of E. M., therefore, must be attributed to

the work of the Holy Spirit in her heart. None but He could have effected so vast a change, or have produced such inimitable results. The ruined temple of her soul was rebuilt, dedicated and inhabited by Deity; or to change the figure, her dead soul was quickened by the breath of God, giving satisfactory evidence of the new life in those fruits which are its surest tests. Does this truth, then, authorise indolence on the part of the sinner? No more than his inability to make the grain germinate, or to bring the influences of the sun, wind and rain to act upon the soil can authorise the husbandman to forbear the tillage of the land, or the sowing of the seed. May we not apply to such reasoning the pithy counsel of the wise man? "He that observeth the wind shall not sow, and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap."

But if the *change* were marvellous, so also was its *development*. Such letters as those which are preserved in these pages were not the immediate fruits of her conversion. True, her growth was rapid, and when we take into consideration her limited seasons of consciousness it was very rapid, but still it was a growth. The maturity of her *spiritual* being was the gradual expansion of its

infancy and youth. She could not in a month nor in a year have acquired the experience that those letters display. Still less could her extensive knowledge of Scripture have come to her at once. It was the result of continual and (for her) severe study and reflection ; and was doubtless one great secret of that progress in grace and knowledge which struck so many persons with surprise. Nor is it fanciful to affirm that much of the power of her composition (a power which to those who knew the circumstances of her education, is truly astonishing) may be traced to her deep communion with God through His Word. The believing study of Scripture can do all this and more, for what cannot the mind of God effect when brought to bear upon the mind of His creature ? It could impart a grandeur to the thoughts of an idiot. "To them that have no might He increaseth strength." The development of Emma's spiritual life was as equal as it was rapid. It comprehended her whole being, moral, intellectual, and spiritual. Her views of the requirements of religion were enlarged, her powers of apprehension stimulated, and her perception and enjoyment of God were deepened. And all this was effected by the same sustaining energy of the Holy Spirit. But (it will be said) she made use of

means. True, and God would not have blessed her without them. But the bare use of any means will not produce the effects of growth. A hungry man may eat food, but if his digestion be at fault, it will do him little good. On the other hand, there is no doubt that God requires of us the application of those means by which He ordinarily feeds the soul, as much as He expects us to use the proper nourishment of our bodies. A reference to E. M.'s reflections after partaking of the Holy Communion, will show how perfectly she understood this truth, and how justly she recognised in the right use of means the life-giving energy of the Holy Spirit.

In this summary of Emma's spiritual life then, we have seen how by the rod of a severe discipline her Heavenly Father wrought in her a meetness for glory. Meetness for glory is, after all, the paramount question of religion. The preliminary facts of salvation, namely, our election, calling, and justification, are only of value to us in proportion as they lead to this. Nay, they derive the evidence of their reality from this connexion alone. It is true that they are all parts of a great whole ; and that they are never separated from one *another* ; but the last is that for which the others

exist, so far as the individual man is concerned. Were it possible for a sinner to be justified without proceeding to a state of renewal and sanctification, he would be in a condition next to that of utter misery. He would have Heaven without the means of enjoying its pure and exalted occupations, and like the demoniac of Gadara, he would rush forth from the presence of the blessed, to dwell amid the tenements of corruption. If, therefore, there is one work more precious than another, which the gracious Spirit of Holiness performs in the heart of a fallen creature, it is meetness for glory. Whatever be the instrumentality by which He effects it; whatever the course which His providence adopts towards the subject of His operations, it is peculiarly His own work.

MEETNESS FOR GLORY! How many soul-searching thoughts do those words kindle, what painfully interesting questions do they suggest! God wills not, desires not the ruin of any sinner—a truth which should silence every rebellious heart. It is the sinner's own choice to remain at a distance from his Father, for *No one will lose heaven who is fit for heaven*. Such is the broad decision of the final judgment. The sinner will separate himself from the saint, even as he does now,

because of the uncongeniality of his fellowship. The reality of Holiness will disturb and drive away the hypocrite. For "How can two walk together except they be agreed?" Every un-renewed spirit as it stands before the gate of pearl and gazes upon its battlements of glory and the wall of precious stones, and sees through the bars of light the vista of the golden streets and troops of radiant beings "clothed upon with their house which is from Heaven," will turn away abashed and say, "This is no place for me."

Yet who that has meditated on this subject has not felt the inequality even of them that are made meet, and the exciting question connected with the thought? How are we to reconcile the extensive gradations of spiritual growth? It is, indeed, a point of profound interest. But we must bear in mind, that if we speak strictly, there is not such a thing as *absolute* meetness for glory. The word, as used in Colossians i. 12, means "sufficiency," and can only be understood in a *relative* sense. In preparing His children for glory, God not only justifies, regenerates, and sanctifies them, but He *accepts them in Christ*, and this acceptance accompanies and forms part of *their whole* spiritual progress. Were it not so,

who could stand before Him? "Wo to the praiseworthy life (even), if Thou sift it without mercy," says Augustine. This clears the way for the difficulty attendant upon the variety in the degrees of sanctification in which God's people depart out of this life. God accepts them all, because He has justified and sanctified them all, but He has not made all equal. Out of the precious stones which composed the breastplate of the High Priest, and the wall of the New Jerusalem, some were of more beauty and value than others. Who would compare the chalcedony with the sapphire, or the sardonyx with the emerald? Yet the eye of the Judge might discern specks in the sapphire and flaws in the emerald. Take the two cases mentioned in this work. Who could compare the sanctity and experience of Isaac M. with that of his child? Yet He, in the light of whose countenance the most secret sins are detected, could discern deficiencies in Emma, when our poor sight could see nothing but excellence. Meetness for glory, therefore, is but a *relative* term. What a comforting thought! Without doubt there is a point at which it begins, but where is the limit at which it ends? How shall we describe its incipient state and progress?

To enjoy life, it is essential that a being should possess the faculties necessary for its enjoyment. Thus, an infant is fitted for this when it is furnished with all the parts, proportions, and faculties requisite for its range of gratification. If it have these it is happy, as far as an infant is susceptible of happiness. But as the infant grows, his faculties develop themselves with his increase of body ; so that by the time he arrives at maturity his fitness for the enjoyment of life has extended itself. In other words, the enjoyments of the man are as much in advance of those of the infant as his powers are. Even such are the *relative* degrees of the fitness of the human soul for the enjoyment of its new and glorious state. The lowest and feeblest saint of God from the commencement of his spiritual life is fitted for its appreciation. In his degree of capacity, and according to his state of fitness, he will receive the impressions and enjoy the sensations of that bliss which belongs alike to all, but which will be apprehended according to the faculty of each.

Here then we are invited to admire the wisdom and sovereignty of Him who allotted to Emma and her father two such different dispensations. *Can we resist the thought, that while they were*

intended to "bring them both unto glory," the heavier affliction will result in a superior capability for bliss? The master touches of the Divine hand were visible in E. M.'s whole conversation and deportment. While then we are bound to recognise His work, is it not with lawful exultation that we say "We have not followed cunningly devised fables?" The Gospel, which preaches first forgiveness and then heavenliness of mind, is a reality; and if there had never been a greater instance to confirm it, the change, development, and meetness for glory of E. M. would have been sufficient.

CHAPTER X.

“Yet they with patience can by none be read,
That know not how they uncorrected stand,
Snatch'd from the forge ere thoroughly anvil'd,
Depriv'd of my last life-giving hand.”

SANDYS.

HAVING now considered the testimony which Emma's history bears to the agency of the Holy Spirit, we would close our simple narrative by a few suggestions to the sick. But counsel, like sympathy, is most persuasive when it flows from the lips of experience. Our much-tried sister “being dead, yet speaketh;” and, in what follows, it is to her voice that we would earnestly invite the attention of every child of suffering. To the sick especially it is, that the example of E. M. appeals with strong encouragement. The great things which God wrought in her, He will work in every one who in like circumstances *unfeignedly* seeks the help of His grace. Her submission,

her self-denial, her usefulness, were fruits of His Spirit; and her various labours of love were all good works which He had prepared beforehand, that she should walk in them. The foregoing memoir shows us what can and ought to be done, in seasons of protracted sickness. *For sickness has its duties.* Strange as the words may sound, there are duties, and very solemn ones too, incumbent upon those whom God has laid aside, whether for a longer or shorter period, from the pursuits of active life. But, alas! how often is the precious season frittered away! Debarred from intercourse with the outer world, an inner world is established. The mind still seeks for amusement and interest in the things which are seen, though God would appear to have drawn our curtains round us, as an intimation that (for a time at least) the things which are not seen were to become our study. The very chit-chat of the house becomes important, and we grow all the more eager about the trivialities of daily life, although God would have us forget all but its end. Now, it is precisely because sickness has its duties that God sends men into its school. And these duties are more numerous and more defined than we might imagine. They would form a large subject to handle, and it would be foreign to the

nature of this work to unfold them. We can only take those points in which the character and conduct of E. M. displayed themselves, and show how great is the encouragement which they offer, and how serious the example which they propose for our imitation.

And first of all : the case of Emma shows us the POSSIBILITY OF EXERTION in sickness. Is it easy to conceive a condition more unfriendly to self-culture or exertion than her's ? Consider only the prostration of strength, mental and physical, which must have followed twenty-four hours of violent convulsion and excitement. Most persons would be inclined to ask, How could you expect me to do anything but lie in perfect repose during this brief interval of respite ? And what could we reply, but that we expected nothing ? Not that it is affirmed that exertion of mind and body is always, or even frequently, possible to the sick. The case of E. M. only starts the thought, whether sick persons, under a prayerful sense of the purposes of their visitation, may not attempt more than they generally do. Certain it is that, limited as the season was, Emma diligently employed every moment in which her illness suffered *her to act*. There were times, indeed, in which

she could not apply herself to anything, through the agony of her head and the dimness of her sight: but there never was a time in which she was free from pain, such as would form with many persons a plea for no exertion at all. Look at her study of Scripture alone. Her Bible is scored with pencil marks. Many other books were read by her. Her letters occupied her sometimes several weeks, but were diligently and perseveringly finished. And to all this exertion, made in the strength of grace, is to be attributed the remarkable expansion of her mind and the rapid developments of her spiritual life, according to the proverb, "The diligent soul shall be made fat." May not this memoir, then, suggest to the sick, not only the importance of making some effort at *spiritual* employment and self-culture, but the advisableness of endeavouring to observe something like method in their sick room? If, for example, (as far as their illness will permit) they would *divide their time*, so as to have the same occupation, long or short, come round at the same hour, whether it be prayer, study of Scripture, receiving Christian friends, or working with their pen, or in any other useful way, so as to keep up in the mind the sense of duty and disci-

pline. There is nothing more painful than the dulness and vapidness of a sick room, and there is nothing better calculated to banish these unchristian accompaniments of a Divine visitation than such exertion as it is in the power of a sick person to make. We cannot lay down a fixed rule, nor name hours, nor prescribe work; let the sick only aim at having the *principle of duty* in their hearts, and they will soon arrange these for themselves. Many are the forms of illness in which time must hang wearily upon the sufferer's hands, but for something like employment; and these are the instances to which the example of E. M. applies with peculiar force. It is surely needless to remark upon the sinfulness of seeking merely to *divert* the dreary hours with *amusing* occupations, rather than to cultivate the soul with pursuits suitable to its necessities and to the intention of the trial. The heart that craves for amusement and excitement under sickness, is scarcely awake to its own state, or conscious of the meaning of discipline. And if, in our time of health, we are bound to exercise ourselves only in things which tend to profit ourselves and others, how much more is it incumbent upon us to observe *this rule*, in our time of tribulation?

But the conduct of E. M. suggests another lesson; namely, the POSSIBILITY OF USEFULNESS in sickness. How little is this notion attached to a sick room! and how far do we come short of the meaning of opportunities by our neglect of it! A sick person seems to be exclusively an object of solicitude to others. We do not associate with him thoughts of reciprocal obligation and duty. Yet the history of Emma teaches us how real is the possibility, how actual the sphere, how serious the obligations of usefulness, even in a sick room. When we reflect that one soul (if not more) was given to her prayers and exertions, that some were warned and others edified and comforted by her conversation and her letters, we cannot dismiss the thought, Why may not others be as useful? And why not? It is only the will that is wanting. If we cannot teach by our pen, we can preach by our conduct, we can edify by our words, we can benefit by our prayers. In short, if we will cultivate our own souls we must insensibly communicate our light to the souls of others. Such, in fact, was the real benefit of E. M.'s example. Until she carefully sought for her Saviour, her illness was simply a burden to her family; but as soon as she found the Messiah,

it became a blessing beyond her own walls. To what shall we attribute this? She taught what she knew of Jesus, in her conversations and conduct. Not that she set herself to *teach*, but to do good to those around her, watching her opportunities, and availing herself of them to win souls. To use her own thought, she exercised the commission which her Creator had given her, to display the beauty of His second creation. Let us see, then, what the visitor to E. M.'s sick room might have learned. There are silent sermons which preach with greater persuasiveness than many words:—

“Be silent, and prove
thy maxim by example,
Never fear, thou lovest not thy hold, though thy mouth
doth not render a reason.”

In this way Emma taught many. He that watched her, learned the meaning of many names,—names which he had often heard and used before, but never understood till then.

He learned the meaning of *submission*. He saw one to whom life offered only a cup of sorrow, content with its portion, because it was the will of God that she should drink it. He heard her speak, not of its bitterness, but of its after-

taste of sweetness, of the profit of trial, and of the value of the experience which comes by suffering. He looked in her pale worn countenance, and read the unspoken thought and desire, "Not my will but Thine be done." And he came back from her bedside to wonder how he could murmur at "the petty plagues of life."

But he also learned the meaning of *cheerfulness*. By cheerfulness is not meant what are called good spirits. We mean that happy view of the gracious designs of God in sending us sickness, that we regard it in the light of a kindly discipline, and not as a misfortune. For —

"Calamities come not as a curse."

We would also include the idea of patience and gentleness towards those about us, and a ready acknowledgment of all the little acts of kindness which we receive. A sick person is a dependent one. He is of necessity a burden to others. Such God has made him; and while it is the duty of others to recognise this, it is his to make the burden as light as possible. For this reason the temper should be watched. Fretful expressions should be checked, a spirit of thankfulness should be cultivated, and, as far as pain and

depression will admit, they who enter the sick room should feel that there is sunshine there. This was eminently the case with Emma. No one ever saw a shade of discontent upon her brow, or heard a word of unkindness from her lips; but she invariably justified God for His dealings with her, and only felt that what was done for her by others was the service of a disinterested love.

The sick bed of E. M., however, furnished one more practical lesson—the *duty of intercessory prayer*. Of the value of this great human obligation it is difficult to speak too strongly. It is the sympathy of the Communion of Saints, the beating of the universal pulse of the body of Christ. Blessed are they who know its importance, and live in its sweet and love-constraining exercise! That it is enjoined upon all Christians the language of Paul, in Timothy ii. 1—8, and his practice in his various Epistles will testify. But the light in which the sick should regard it, is peculiar. It is their great opportunity for exercising that love which, in time of health, would lead them to active benevolence. From whatever exertions of a more stirring nature we *may be debarred by sickness*, this mode of showing

Christian love is always open. The sick, therefore, should be the intercessors for the whole. When E. M. died, it was remarked that the parish had lost a friend : and true it was ; for as she could not exert herself actively and personally for the welfare of others, she prayed for them. How delightful the view thus afforded of the possible occupations of the sick ! Every parish might thus have its pleaders, every minister “ fellow-helpers to the truth.” Who, in short, knows all the worth of intercessory prayer ? Who can say what it has obtained or what diverted ? Be sure, reader, that if your heart is ever drawn much to pray for another, it is for some gracious purpose. Never resist the impulse. “ Man,” says the author of “ Proverbial Philosophy,”—

“ Man, regard thy prayers as a purpose of love to thy soul,
Esteem the providence that led to them as an index of
God’s good will ;
So shalt thou pray aright, and thy words shall meet with
acceptance.
Also, in pleading for others, be thankful for the fulness of
thy prayer :
For if thou art ready to ask, the Lord is more ready to
bestow.
The salt preserveth the sea, and the saints uphold the
earth ;
Their prayers are the thousand pillars that prop the canopy
of Nature.”

Look at the examples :—Abraham all but saving guilty Sodom, and Lot preserving the fore-doomed Zoar ; Moses securing victory for Israel, and averting the vengeance of JEHOVAH against their rebellion ; Elijah first praying for drought and then for rain ; and JESUS for ever making intercession for His Church. Do not these, and thousands of such like instances, serve to remind us that the membership of the body is not a name nor a light thing, but that it involves vast privileges and corresponding duties ?

This aspect of Christian union is a subject fertile in interest. It has often occurred to the writer, in his ministerial experience, how great might be the profit to sick persons if they could be thus made to feel their connexion with the body of Christ by the exercise of intercessory prayer. This would follow from a right apprehension of the obligations by which they themselves stand indebted to the prayers of others. Sabbath after sabbath their own names are mentioned in the House of God, and prayer is made of the Church on their behalf. And if the sorrows and trials of the sick are thus remembered in the “great congregation,” is it too much to expect that the *sympathy* of their prayers should find a response

in the heart of the solitary watcher, and that the united Amen of the sanctuary should awaken an echo in the distant chamber of sickness? Certain it is, that if the attention of the sick were more drawn to the fact of the union which subsists between the members of the body of Christ, it would often cheer an hour of depression or pain with the thought of the sympathy, while it would call the heart away from its own troubles to the exercise of that reciprocal duty which the body may justly claim from each individual member.

These are the brief lessons, applicable to most sick persons, drawn from the chamber of her whose memory we would fain prolong in this little record. What is the amount of exertion or usefulness which may be possible in each case, no one can prescribe. They are suggested for the benefit of those to whom a protracted season of illness may permit many hours of thought and some of employment. May the example not be without its success! Sickness is a great opportunity; but it is a troublous thought to be "Snatch'd from the forge ere thoroughly anvil'd." How needful is it, therefore, to pray that affliction may do its kindly work! above all, how important that we should attend to the culture of our souls,

and put into practice these duties of submission, cheerfulness, and intercession, which teach without offending, and bless without display! It will, in all likelihood, never be the lot of any reader of this book, either to experience or to witness a condition so circumstantially improbable in its spiritual prospects as this of E. M. This feature of it throws the whole weight of its teaching into the scale of encouragement. "If such were the results of a dispensation so apparently hopeless of improvement, what may I not achieve in the strength of God's Holy Spirit?" On the other hand, however, how great the responsibility attendant upon Divine dealings! How fearful the conclusion of a visitation which leaves us as it found us! Chastened yet uncorrected, instructed but not improved, the very things which should have been for our wealth have proved but the occasion of falling. May we not, therefore, close the volume in the dying words of its subject? "If I had not worked out my salvation before this, where should I be *now*?"

APPENDIX.

THESE two letters were sent to the writer of this Memoir some time after the publication of the first edition. The reader will think them worthy of a place among the other testimonies to the work of grace in E. M.

“ My dear Friend,

“ I have sent you the little book, which I think you will like to read. To tell you the truth when I take a fancy to anything, I always think of you, and think you must like it too. I doubt the print is rather too small for you, but I hope you will be able to read some of it. I think it will comfort you, and may the Divine blessing attend and assist you. I think it is a most delightful little book. It often affords me sweet comfort, and in my heart I often bless the good author that he has left us such a rich treasure to guide and direct us to that rest, which he has himself, no doubt, long enjoyed. The little book itself teaches us to be looking forward, and living in the cheerful expectation of that rest, which remaineth for the people of God. It describes the New Jerusalem as being the glorious

city of the living God, prepared for us as a bride adorned for her husband; and when reading it, the devout soul feels as though it wanted to run and fly to be there at once, but dare not be impatient. We may read and think about eternity; we may think it will be this thing and the other, we may long to be there, so that we are almost in Heaven, living in the daily view of it, but what our feelings will be when we are there, we know not, for 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him.'

"I am thankful to hear that you are gaining strength in body, and I pray that your soul may likewise be 'growing in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.'

"I still continue very ill myself, I do not get any better, I suffer so much with my head; but it is the Lord's will, and may His will and not mine be done. I cannot say any more this time, but I shall not forget you. Accept my kindest love, you know I love you, and be assured I am

"Your most affectionate friend,

"E. M."

"My dear Friend,

"I am glad to hear that you have a little book like mine, 'The Believer's Companion.' I know you will find sweet comfort from its contents; it is such a dear little book, and a true friend for the afflicted believer. It will administer both instruction and consolation to the heirs of salvation; and such I trust we

are. It is a precious treasure to me; often does it soothe and comfort my mind when cast down with doubts and fears, or pressed with pain and trouble. Dear friend, how good our Heavenly Father is to us, unworthy as we are. If He sends us affliction and trouble, He will send us comfort too, yes, and strength to bear it. In all our afflictions He is with us to comfort and to help us, and He will never leave us nor forsake us. Again and again has He fulfilled to me His gracious promise, 'As thy days, so shall thy strength be.' I have found Him a God not afar off. In the Lord is my help. I have none other, none in myself. Long since should I have fainted had not the Lord been on my side. How sweet is the consolation that we have an Almighty God, who is able to preserve and keep us from falling. May we feel Him to be our Father and Friend, our Saviour and Redeemer, our Sanctifier and Comforter; we may then rejoice in tribulation, and glory in infirmity. Oh! may we indeed rejoice in God our Saviour while sojourning in this vale of tears, may we pass lightly over this desolate wilderness to the city of habitation, the resting place of our souls, the bosom of our God. Soon, dearest, it will be finished; soon the warfare will be accomplished, and our pilgrimage over. Sometimes I think it a long moment, and fear my patience will not hold out. I am weary with my groaning, yet He that shall come will come, and will not tarry. He that keepeth our souls neither slumbereth nor sleepeth. He will soon take us home to the habitation His love hath prepared for us. Oh! my friend, to meet thee there, what joy. There we

shall together perfectly and for ever love our lovely Jesus, who hath loved us, and given Himself for us.

“Dear friend, you have most likely heard that I have professed before the world, to be a disciple of the blessed Redeemer, by joining with those who celebrate His dying love. Never did I taste my Saviour’s love so sweet as I did while commemorating His dying love. The time was sweet and solemn, I thought it was something like a foretaste of that which is to come. I felt it to be none other than the gate of heaven.

“Now we are indeed become sisters, we are sojourners upon earth, let us quicken our pace, we are soldiers of Christ, let us fight manfully in His strength and we shall come off more than conquerors through Him who loved us. We now wear the same livery, and have professed to be followers of the same Lord and Master, what need have we of prayer and watchfulness, lest we dishonour His name! I feel my own weakness, and had I only myself to depend on I should indeed tremble, but there is a stronger arm to lean on, and a gracious hand stretched out, almighty to save.

“Dear friend, I am happy to hear that dear Miss B—— has been to see you, I think she will comfort you; she is a sweet, dear Christian young lady. I love her dearly, so I know you will; her visits always comfort and cheer me. I love her prayers so much; how sweet it is to have praying friends! I wish I could be, more thankful for this blessing. I shall be very glad to hear you are better, if it please God. You will find many mistakes and much confusion, I fear in this, but may it assure you of my love, and especially may it

quicken your affections towards God, and then it will abundantly answer the end for which I wrote, and wrote, indeed, when my senses almost refused to think. Perhaps I shall not be able to write to you again, but I shall not forget you. I shall often be with you in spirit, and I trust some time to meet you in the presence of my Father and your Father, my God and your God.

“With many prayers, I remain

“Your affectionate friend,

“E. M.”

THE END.

1

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